

Children's Newspaper

The Nature Map of the British Isles
Every Week in the Children's Pictorial

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 323

Week Ending
MAY 23, 1925

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

BRITAIN'S SPLENDID HERITAGE

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RAISULI THE MOOR END OF A FAMOUS BRIGAND

Romantic Story of the Robber
Who Became a Ruler

A DESCENDANT OF THE PROPHET

One of the strangest figures in recent history has passed away in Raisuli, the Moorish brigand, governor, ally and foe of civilisation. Again and again reported dead, he has actually died at last. The man who made so many free men captive has himself died in captivity; his public career began in one gaol, it has ended in another.

The story of his life seems to belong to the Arabian Nights, or to the half-true legends of an even earlier age. For Raisuli, hero and villain of a hundred adventures, was an aristocrat of bluest Moorish blood, in whom survived the instincts which in former ages led to the overthrow of kingdoms and the setting up of others.

An Oriental Rob Roy

He was descended from the prophet Mohammed and from the creator of the Moroccan Empire, and he cherished the impulses of the old tent-dwelling Saracens, in whom intellectual force blended with a passion for freedom marred by Oriental cruelty and faithlessness.

In his youth he shook off the traditions of the city and lived a daring free-booter of the hills, cattle-raiding and pillaging there as Rob Roy raided and pillaged from Scotland. Very early his exploits landed him in prison, where for three years he was kept chained up like a dog.

All in the story-book manner, the inevitable file eventually arrived, hidden in a loaf of bread; and of course he filed off his chains, with those of three companions, knocked down his guard, and escaped, as successfully as Cervantes did long ago.

A Man Who Broke Faith

But as a prisoned bird loses the power of its pinions, so these men had lost the power of their legs. They could but crawl, and were recaptured while still on all-fours. Two years of still more terrible bondage followed, then a pardon set Raisuli free to return to the old bandit life.

He never forgave humanity what his captors had done to him. There appeared in his character a trait as cruel and treacherous as that which marred the disposition of those strange, terrible, men who from time to time led vast hordes of barbarous warriors out of Asia to the destruction of Western civilisation.

From stealing cattle he took to stealing men, and holding them to ransom in misery and terror. He captured a famous correspondent of The Times; he captured a wealthy American citizen; he even took prisoner a famous British

The Flag that Flies for Freedom



Empire Day this year falls on Sunday, so in many places it is being celebrated today (Saturday). Children all over the country are taught the lessons and responsibilities of empire, and the blessings of living under the Union Jack, the flag that stands for faith and freedom

subject, Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, who had been sent by the Government of Morocco to negotiate terms of peace with him.

There was no faith in Raisuli, and probably there was little attempt to keep faith with him. The rest of the world had as little liking for Raisuli as the Venetian enemies of Othello had for Shakespeare's sable hero. Be that as it may, Raisuli always got the better of the forces to which he was opposed. If they sent an army against him he defeated that army, or escaped into the mountains. If he made a treaty he turned it to his own advantage and broke any provision which threatened to hamper his actions.

Yet he became a national force. He won governorships from Morocco and from Spain; he ruled immense territories, he enjoyed rich revenues, he was supplied with unlimited arms, and he used all his resources against their providers when the mood and the moment came.

During the war he entered into treacherous dealings with Germany at the expense of the Allies, and was against Spain almost, but not quite, to the last. In Spain's great withdrawal of troops, Raisuli stood by her, and loyally fought to defend her retreat against the attacks of the victorious Rifs.

Ultimately he was left at the mercy of the tribesmen. He clung to his old hill fortress and treasury, and there, enfeebled by age and illness, he was captured, and taken to the stronghold of his enemy, where, with bitter thoughts for companionship, he passed the last few years of his adventurous career.

So ends another chapter in the story of Spain and the Moors, begun 1200 years ago and including in its marvellous pages seven centuries of Moorish mastery of that Spain which this extraordinary brigand chief, half-romantic, half-barbarous, may be said to have died in defending. It was a chivalrous end to a life marked by contradictory chivalry and faithlessness.

VOYAGERS BEFORE HISTORY

SURPRISE OF SOME NEW DISCOVERIES

Did the Chinese go to Africa in
Ancient Times?

FIRST KNOWN OCEAN MARINERS

By the C.N. Archaeologist

Professor Raymond Dart, who gave us the first description of the skull of a man-ape lately discovered in South Africa at Taungs, near Kimberley, has written a very interesting article on certain discoveries which make it probable that South Africa was in contact with the outside world from an early date.

These discoveries take the form of ancient rock paintings by the Bushmen. Some of these pictures show the usual naked figures of the Bushmen accompanied by other people, dressed in tunics and peculiarly shaped caps, such as were worn in ancient Phoenicia and Babylonia.

There also exist certain figures in these paintings which appear to be wearing Chinese peaked hats, and the discovery of Chinese porcelain in the great ruins at Zimbabwe in Rhodesia is held to support the evidence of the paintings.

Fabled Land of Punt

It is also pointed out that some of the women of Natal today dress their hair in a way very similar to that which the ancient Egyptians favoured, and Professor Dart concludes that South Africa was visited in early times by the Phoenicians, Babylonians, Egyptians, and Chinese.

If this is the case, then it is clear that these people must have had a considerable knowledge of navigation even in those early days. For many years Rhodesia has been examined by archaeologists, and others, and there cannot be much doubt that this area was the centre of a vast system of ancient mining for gold, copper, tin, and other things. The presence in South Africa of these necessities for the ancient world would provide a reason for the visitations of the people mentioned, and Professor Dart suggests that the fabled Land of Punt of the Egyptians also lay in South Africa, somewhere south of the Zambesi.

Egyptians as Seamen

Herodotus relates that the servants of the Mediterranean King Necho of Phoenicia had encircled Africa, and Professor Dart mentions the discovery, during the laying out of a cemetery near Cape Town, of an ancient boat buried six feet from the surface.

If these conclusions are true many strange discoveries of evidences of a civilised people in distant and savage parts of the world will be explained. It will mean that the Egyptians were seamen in their very early days and that the Chinese were travellers before history heard of the existence of China.

A PEEP INTO THE PAST

DIGGING UP ABRAHAM'S HOME

The Mighty Works of a Once Forgotten King

CROWNING THE WORK OF HALF A CENTURY

Over fifty years ago the British Museum authorities caused the first spade to be put in the ground on the site of Ur of the Chaldees in Mesopotamia.

This place was the home of Abraham, and it has been of intense interest to us to watch the results of work in the city where Abraham was born and spent his early years, the brick-paved streets where he walked, terraces and palaces that were as familiar to him as the Tower of London is to our own eyes.

The work of excavation at Ur has gone on intermittently, but during late years with increasing enthusiasm; and now a discovery has been made that crowns the labours of half a century. The records of the builder of the Ziggurat have been found. The remains of this huge staged tower, which was raised in honour of the God of the Moon some four thousand two hundred years ago, were laid bare during last winter. Even in ruin they show how grand were the ideals of the Mesopotamian builders.

Story Pictures in Stone

A little distance from the Ziggurat the excavators found the ruins of a comparatively modern temple to the wife of the Moon God, built about 650 B.C., and restored by Nebuchadnezzar and Nabonidus his grandson. Photographs were taken of the ruins, and then the spades got to work to dig deeper. Underneath the temple of the Moon God's lady were found 13 baked clay cones covered with Assyrian writing, lying just where they were put about 25 centuries ago.

A few feet farther down still the workmen came on some pieces of carved limestone. They were obviously part of the same whole, and in growing excitement the experts of the party put them together. Then was discovered the most important revelation yet made of ancient Babylonia.

A Tale of Long Ago

The five fragments put together made a large stela, or carved slab, which was originally about fifteen feet deep and five feet wide. On it are carved pictures and records of King Ur-Engur, who built to the Moon God the great Ziggurat.

This slab is one of the finest of its kind in existence. It is fortunate that the kings of old thought enough of themselves to inscribe their names and doings in stone, for when we come on these relics of the far past it is like finding a textbook giving as a historical record something that hitherto existed only as a legend.

Old, Forgotten Hates

The pictures carved on the stone are scenes from the life of King Ur-Engur. We see him, like a good ruler, causing canals to be dug to irrigate the ground; we see him building the great staged tower which the god, visiting him in a dream, ordered him to erect, holding out to him the measuring reed and line of the architect; we see rows of prisoners, soldiers beating drums forty-two centuries ago.

The fragments of the stela were lying in such a way as to make it appear that the limestone slab had been wilfully broken. Now all these hates and rivalries are forgotten, and out of the forgiving earth where they have lain forgotten comes this record of a king whose name had till now been a myth.

Another door has been opened into the far past. We shall await with greatest interest the further work of the expedition when it takes up its labours again next season.

THE UNREST IN MOROCCO

Abdul Krim, the Troubler of Europe

FRANCE'S NEW LITTLE WAR

There seems no end to the trouble in Morocco. Several European countries are involved.

It used to be Raisuli who made war, sometimes on the Spanish and sometimes on his own Sultan. But Raisuli is dead, and the story of his turbulent life is told on page one. He was captured, mortally ill, by a newer terror, Abdul Krim, the Rif chief. Raisuli could sometimes be won over to the side of the people he had been fighting, so long as it was made worth his while. But Krim will make terms with no one.

After years of fighting with him the Spanish have retreated to two small corners of the territories they are supposed to rule in the name of the Sultan. The rest they would be only too happy to leave to Abdul Krim. But Krim has sworn to drive them out of Morocco, bag and baggage, and he has assembled a great army for the purpose at Sheshuan, held till a few months ago by the Spaniards.

But that is not all. France administers the southern half of Morocco as Spain tries to administer the northern, and Abdul Krim, not content with smashing Spain, must challenge France as well. There is a dispute between Krim and France as to where the border is between the French and Spanish parts of Morocco. Krim claims to hold the Spanish parts by right of conquest.

The Impatient Tribesmen

It is said he would rather have waited before fighting about it, or at least have tried negotiation first; but he had made promises to the tribesmen of the border and they became impatient. So three separate bodies crept down the hills and cut off the advanced posts of the French.

The French, however, under the able Resident-General, Marshal Lyautey, were ready for them, and have gradually and steadily driven them back again. The French troops will decide for the time being where the border is, and the tribesmen will have to get behind it. But France cannot go farther than that, and the tribesmen will be free to reform their ranks out of reach.

We see in Morocco the world's standing difficulty of avoiding war, where warlike races which prefer war are neighbours to peaceful civilisation.

SPLENDID HEROISM

Unknown Hero's Many Sacrifices

Lord Knutsford tells a wonderful story of splendid heroism by an unnamed man, in a letter to the Press.

Often transfusion of blood is the only method of saving a life. A pint of blood, passed from the veins of a healthy man direct into the veins of a patient, will sometimes make the difference between life and death.

Volunteers are readily forthcoming who will give their blood in such a cause, and as the Chief Scout has pointed out, a number of Rover Scouts in London have volunteered to give a pint of their blood whenever required, and can always be called upon by medical men when necessary. But some blood is not suitable for all patients, and some is suitable. The London Hospital, says Lord Knutsford, has "a classified list of good men who will stand a pint," and they have on that list one man whose blood is of the best brand, always ready and prepared, night and day, to give a pint of it.

In the last five years this hero has given a pint of his blood—one-twelfth of all he had—to no fewer than 44 patients.

£5 is the usual fee for a pint of voluntary blood, but this sacrificer of his own life-blood will never take a penny.

AN EMPIRE STATESMAN

Farmer Who Rose to Political Power

NEW ZEALAND'S PATRIOTIC PREMIER

The whole Empire regrets deeply the death of William Fergusson Massey, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, for he was above all things an Imperial statesman, always having in view the relation between the parts of the Empire beyond the seas and the Homeland.



Mr. W. F. Massey

When the war broke out in 1914 he gave the decisive note of feeling in the outlying British Commonwealth through an instant cable: "All we have, and all we are, are at the service of the King"; and nobly did New Zealand respond.

Mr. Massey was Ulster born in 1856, and went to New Zealand in 1870. Till he was 38 he worked as a farmer, and then, while on a haystack, had a note passed up to him on the line of a hay-fork inviting him to be a candidate for the New Zealand Parliament. In that Parliament he sat for 31 years, the last thirteen years as the Prime Minister.

So greatly was he liked that, though he had been a keen fighter in Opposition until two years before the war, he was able, when the British Empire stood on trial, to form a National New Zealand Government, and give the Homeland whole-hearted support.

On five occasions he came over to Britain to do Imperial duty—twice as a member of the War Cabinet, at the Peace Conference, and the Imperial Conferences of 1919 and 1923. He was the only statesman in the whole of the Empire who, being in office when the war began, continued in office during the struggle, and had remained in office throughout the difficult times which followed until May, 1925.

His sterling character and ripe wisdom made as deep an impression on the statesmen of the Empire as they made in New Zealand. The State he served with such distinction may well mingle pride with its grief as it cherishes his memory.

A CITY UNDER THE SEA

Diver's Find Off Tunis

Germany has her legends of a sunken city under the sea whose bells are heard at sunset, but the sunken ruins of Carthage under the sea off Tunis have actually been filmed from an aeroplane!

Now the Director of the School of Oriental Studies, Sir Denison Ross, brings home the story of the discovery of another submerged city, this time off the most southerly part of the Tunis coast, near the island of Jerba, which some people identify as the home of the legendary Lotus Eaters.

A native diver was looking for rock fish when he saw below him the walls of a city. He dived and brought up a souvenir of some kind as evidence of his find. Experts have since confirmed his tale, and elaborate preparations are being made for the exploration of the ruins. The city is believed to have been founded by the Phoenicians, the Mediterranean's earliest traders.

LEAD MINES TO BE REOPENED

A hundred lead mines are lying idle in Derbyshire, but a world shortage of lead may bring new prosperity to this district. Sixty of the mines are to be pumped free of water and worked again. Some of these mines run under the main line of the L.M.S. railway.

HERO OF THE FALKLANDS

The Man Who Drove the Germans from the Seas

SAVING NELSON'S FLAGSHIP

The heroes of the Great War are beginning to be thinned by the passing years. Among them none held a more distinctive place than Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, for he won the one clear and complete victory of the British fleet on the open sea.

A powerful German fleet surprised a much weaker British fleet off the Pacific coast of South America and destroyed the ships within gunfire range. The German fleet then rounded Cape Horn and steamed towards the Falkland Islands. But Sturdee, with cruisers more powerful than the best of the German ships, though there were two of them famous for their gunnery, had secretly reached the Falklands, and it was only when the Germans approached the harbour of the islands closely that they discovered they would have to fight for their existence.

A Famous Victory

In a long running fight which followed the chief German ships were sunk. Some that scattered were afterwards sunk or captured. It was a fine exploit, carefully planned and brilliantly executed that brought Admiral Sturdee lasting fame.

He came of a race of seamen, and had himself been at sea from boyhood. After his victory in the South Atlantic he did further good service in the home waters, though he had no individual opportunity comparing with his decisive victory in the distant waters far from all place of refuge or of repairs.

A great service of more recent days, however, was his campaign to save the Victory, Nelson's flagship, which was in danger of perishing for lack of funds to keep it in repair.

THINGS SAID

The geni of the Press are the greatest power for good or evil in the world.

Sir Ernest Wild

The Covenant of the League of Nations embodies those ideals for which the Allies fought for four years.

The Prime Minister

There is no exercise that can act as a substitute for walking.

Mr. Clement Jeffery

If all men of genius died at the same age as Keats nine-tenths of our works of genius would have been lost to the world.

Rev. W. H. Saturday

The life of an archaeologist consists of nineteen disappointments and one success, but the success usually compensates for the disappointments.

Sir William Ramsay

I leave nothing to my nephews, not because I have any complaint against them, but because experience has taught me that a legacy left to a youth generally proves a curse rather than a blessing.

From the Will of Mr. W. Bach

Truth and beauty and goodness make a perfect trinity, and no man can be leading the ideal life unless he has these things combined in unity in himself.

The Prime Minister

I plead that Age have greater faith in Youth; that Age bear well in mind that often Age itself is merely Youth grown tired of having faith in Age.

Dr. Algar Bailey

The famous dictum of the greatest of English scholars—Bentley—is still true, that no man is ever written down except by himself.

Lord Oxford

We want people to be housed—not warehoused.

Mr. Coppock

May 23, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

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THE SHEEP HUNTERS DOGS THAT WORRY THE FLOCK

Habits of Wild Ancestors that
Come Out After Centuries

FACE TO FACE WITH AN OLD PROBLEM

By Our Natural Historian

We read in the C.N. a few weeks ago of the ravages of the dingo dog among the sheep of Australia, how these semi-wild dogs have made flock-rearing impossible where they are not wired out. By a curious coincidence there has been a rather startling revival of sheep-worrying by dogs at home this spring.

Such cases occur every year, here and there, but the number of unfortunate incidents of this character recorded of late has been exceptional. So the National Canine Defence League has written to the C.N., asking us to adopt the suggestion that hunger has led the dogs to offend.

Instinct for the Chase

We should all give our dogs two good meals a day, and a comfortable bed at night. But dog-owners know that it is not insufficiency of food which drives their animals to sheep worrying.

The best-fed cat is often the best ratter, the most persistent pursuer of rabbits and snapper-up of birds. To hunt and kill, but not to eat the victims, is the favourite pastime of the well-conditioned cat. There is much of the same spirit in the dog.

Man himself is a hunting animal. Only the moderate influence of civilisation prevents us from taking to the chase as our forefathers did.

The modern dog is a blend of wolf and jackal, hunters from the wilds. His disposition to hunt is one of the deeply-rooted instincts which we have never quite obliterated from our faithful friends' hearts.

The Faithful Majority

Men brought in wolves to help them shepherd their sheep and guard their herds. One in ten thousand of their descendants breaks away from the unwritten bond, just as, from time to time, we have the unhappy spectacle of a policeman turning burglar. The sinners are the rarities, the enormous majority is characterised by the strictest fidelity, collies and constables alike.

Of course dogs vary in character and impulses as much as we ourselves do. The writer has at various times had to master the high spirits of three different sheep-chasers. Each of those animals thought it supreme sport to run after anything which would flee from him; and fluffy, ungainly sheep seemed a finer quarry than a ball or a bolting rat.

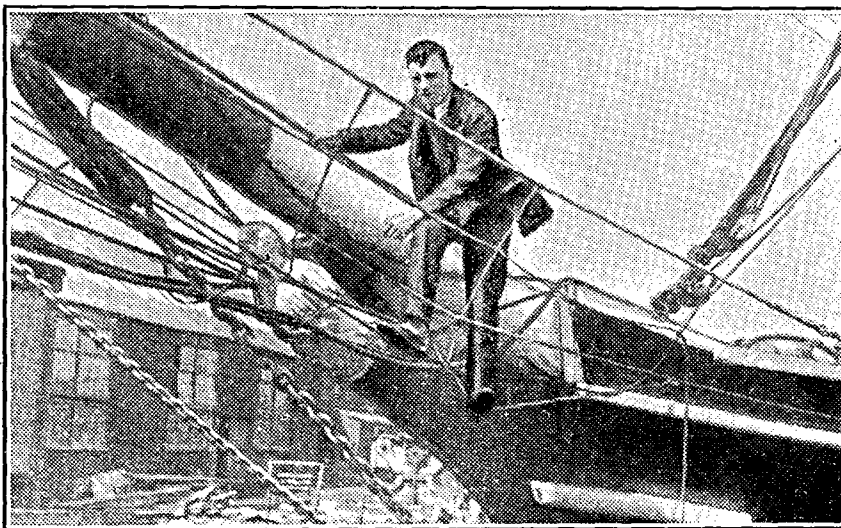
What We Have to Do

We have known a collie, descendant of a line of sheep-guarding collies, which hunted as the result of perverted instinct. His ancestors had been trained to mind sheep; he had not; yet he felt that sheep were somehow his business, and the belief came out in an unfortunate way. In this instance the dog was taken frequently in the fields where sheep were, made to "walk behind," and take no notice of them, and became most innocent in their presence; but he was never quite trusted when alone.

The first time a dog chases a sheep we are face to face with the old problem which our ancestors solved when they called the dog in from the wilds. We must re-teach the lesson of forbearance which generation after generation of his forefathers has had to learn.

We owe it to the farmer and his stock that we do not let these play-loving beauties run at will where sheep are. But to say that dogs are driven by hunger to chase sheep is, we think, to cast an undeserved slur on their owners, and almost certainly to misread the real cause of their misdoings. E. A. B.

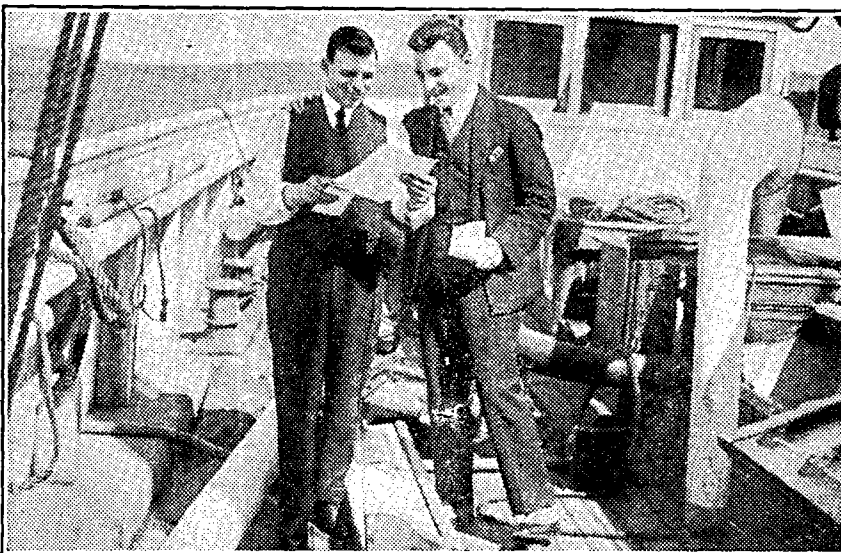
OFF TO THE NORTH POLE



Mr. Algarsson, who is on his way to the North Pole, in the bows of his ship



A general view of the Iceland, the ship carrying Mr. Algarsson to the Arctic



Mr. Algarsson and Commander Frank Worsley discussing their final plans before sailing

Mr. G. Algarsson, a young British Columbian explorer, is making an attempt to reach the North Pole. He is sailing in the Iceland, commanded by Commander Frank Worsley, and will fly from the north of Spitsbergen to the Pole, which is 600 miles farther north. These pictures show the explorer on his ship just before starting on his long journey

THE MYSTERIOUS MUMMY

SCIENCE SOLVES A
PUZZLE

What Two Scholars Discovered
from a Skull

CURIOUS RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT

A little while ago there was a search in the old parish church of Gravesend for the tomb of Pocahontas, the Red Indian Princess who, like a fairy queen in real life, came to the rescue of Captain John Smith and the other founders of Virginia three centuries ago.

She married an Englishman, it will be remembered, came to England, and died here, leaving a son from whom some of the chief families of the United States are descended.

While the search for her last resting-place was in progress, a figure, unrecognisable to its finders, came to light on the site of what used to be known as Rosherville Gardens—a Gravesend edition of the Vauxhall and Ranelagh pleasure resorts that were famous in the London of a century ago.

The Tell-Tale Marks

It was the skeleton remains of an adult, found a few inches beneath the soil, with no evidence of Christian burial; and the finders not unnaturally thought that here was a victim of some dark tragedy of years gone by.

A photograph of the remains was shown to Sir Arthur Keith, the famous scientist, who asked to see the actual skull, and, having it, pointed out that the skull bore marks of the deformation formerly practised upon the heads of infants by Red Indians and other tribes in the continent of Princess Pocahontas.

Quite recently the matter was mentioned by another scientist, Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton, to the venerable Professor A. Liversidge, who was able to tell him that as a boy, 70 years ago, at Rosherville Gardens, he was shown these identical remains. They were those of an ancient Peruvian mummy.

A Mummy from Peru

At that Sir Arthur Keith examined the object again, and then found vestiges of the wax, still clinging to the base of the skull, which had been used in the process of mummification.

The story of the find could have been known to few people but these two scientists, yet one of them mentions it to possibly the only man alive capable of identifying the remains and of telling their story, so far as it is known in England.

Thus we have two of the children of the two halves of the American continent buried within a short walk of one another, at ancient Gravesend. The one, interred with pomp, is sought today by people who cherish her fragrant memory; the other comes to light unbidden and unknown, as unidentifiable as the soldier of nameless fame in Westminster Abbey.

One Chance in a Million

This Peruvian may have been as old as the Princess, or even older; no one can say now. He may have seen Pizarro arrive in Peru, have witnessed the passing of the mighty Inca civilisation, and the setting up of that Old World in the New. He may have met the Europeans who took the first horse to America, and brought back the potato and life-saving quinine instead.

The find was pure accident; its identification a chance in a million; but the solution of the mystery of the shape of the head was as excellent a piece of scientific detective work by Sir Arthur Keith as that of Sir Richard Owen when, shown an enormous thigh bone from New Zealand, he predicted that there would be discovered a monstrous unknown bird.

From the modern detection we have a Peruvian mummy; from Owen's we traced the remains of the 14-foot moa.

THE GOLD STANDARD

WHAT IT MEANS

Every Pound Note to be Worth a Golden Sovereign

A QUESTION FOR EXPERTS

By Our Financial Correspondent

On the day that Mr. Churchill made his Budget speech Britain returned to the gold standard. How many of us know what returning to the gold standard means?

Let us be sure first of all what it does not mean. Before the war, a time of which many C.N. readers have no recollection, we went about with golden sovereigns in our pockets instead of the Treasury notes we use now. We are not going back to that; it would cost too much. We shall use the Treasury notes as before. But we shall now have the guarantee of the Bank of England that every pound Treasury note is worth the amount of gold in a sovereign.

Why Prices Soared

It was only by degrees, during the war and after it, that it was realised the Treasury notes were not worth a sovereign, and an interesting story could be told of the way we all deluded ourselves about it.

The facts are that Government borrowings, Government extravagance, and the great number of Treasury notes it was necessary to print for the daily business of a nation that was buying and selling ever so much more than at ordinary times, made the promises to pay in gold (which is what a bank note or a Treasury note really means in theory) impossible to keep. The notes became "inconvertible" into gold. What has now happened is that the notes have become "convertible" once more.

Naturally, when the promise to pay was withdrawn and more and more notes were issued nevertheless, they became less and less valuable. That is one reason why prices went up so fast and so high.

Free Trade in Gold

How have we been able to get back to the old ways? First of all, the Government left off borrowing. Then the Treasury gradually reduced the issue of notes. In these and other ways the notes gradually became more valuable again, till at last it has become possible to say that each note shall represent once more a promise to pay a pound's worth of gold.

When we abolished people's right to be paid in gold we made a law that gold must not be sent out of the country without a licence. What is happening now is that the right to export gold is being restored. There is to be free trade in gold once more. Without that, people with the Bank's promissory notes could not be sure of getting the real value for them, for the real price of gold can only be decided when it circulates freely wherever there is most demand for it.

Where Experts Must Decide

Some people say the Government has been in too great a hurry to go back to the gold standard. They say that it will mean more unemployment, which a more leisurely programme would have avoided. But really only a very few people in exceptional positions that give exceptional knowledge can decide such a point. The rest of us can only trust to their judgment and hope they may be right.

At any rate, whatever bumps we may get now, as the change is made, are the last we shall have of the kind. For gold changes very little in value; so that when our money represents gold values we know where we are, which we certainly have not known during these years of "inconvertibility." When in the past great new goldfields have been found gold has fallen in price, and has so raised the price of everything that is bought with it. But no such big finds are likely now.

PERIL AT PANAMA

Respite for the Dangerous Mosquito

PENNY WISE POUND FOOLISH

As nearly all the world knows, the Panama Canal was first made possible when it was found that the mosquito sowed the germs of yellow fever and malaria, and had to be subdued before the engineers' work could go on.

Under General Gorgas the Canal Zone was made safe for the diggers and excavators by driving the mosquitoes away, and in time it became as healthy a place as New York or London.

But that cost money, and the mosquito, being no respecter of purses or persons, has always been trying to come back. It was as expensive to keep it off as it was to drive it away, so that four years ago some of the American taxpayers, who had never suffered from malaria or yellow fever, began to ask if the job could not be done more cheaply. There was so little malaria or yellow fever in the Canal Zone that surely the menace was being too highly rated.

So a military and a naval officer and two business men were asked to form a

New Light in the Dark Sudan

If England should fall it will be said of her that she gave her life for all mankind. She has no selfish purpose in this world.

WE think of it as we remember that there is to be completed this summer one of the greatest engineering feats in the world, a feat that will stand as a landmark in a continent for a thousand years. At Makwar, in the Sudan, the waters of the Blue Nile will begin to flow across the plain, and the great irrigation scheme for the growing of cotton will begin to operate. It will turn into a scene of prosperity and pride a land which in the lifetime of young men was in the grip of unthinkable horror, the scene of unspeakable barbarity.

WHETHER we will or not, we are knit together in this world as one great family, and there is hardly a soul within the wide fields of civilisation who may not be concerned in this great enterprise. Everyone who wears a bit of cotton, everyone engaged in industry, everyone interested in politics, everyone who believes that human slavery should be uprooted from the Earth, should know the great story that rings out across the vast Sudan.

My Magazine for June, now on sale everywhere, tells this story in a way that all will find of great interest.

committee and inquire into it without interference from those fussy scientists. They suggested that the amounts for sanitation might be reduced; and then, if by some mischance the death-rate should go up beyond a certain point, the precautions might be turned on again.

The Government was not quite so misguided as to accept this form of gambling with human lives, but it was weak enough to agree to reduce expenditure in one or two places. According to the latest official reports, the lamentable result has been that in the last year recorded there was more than five times the usual number of malaria cases.

The remedy has thus cost far more than the dollars saved; but it will not have been useless if, as is now certain, the American Government returns to the former life-saving sanitation which so proved its value.

A GIANT OF INDUSTRY

The Romantic Career of Lord Leverhulme

GROCER BOY'S AMAZING SUCCESS

By the death of Lord Leverhulme England lost one of her most successful business men, whose dealings were with common, homely wants. He began life as a grocer's assistant, became a wealthy master grocer, and went on to organise the world's greatest soap business, with a capital of more than £50,000,000.

But such an outline of his career does not truly represent the man who did the thinking from which a vast success grew. Until he was well past middle life, Lord Leverhulme, at that time Mr. W. H. Lever, seemed to be a tremendously hard-worked man grinding steadily at business expansion. In his later years he blossomed forth into a public personage.

The Kindly Autocrat

He became a fine example of an employer with a social conscience, and a public benefactor on a scale almost national. Also he revealed himself as a distinct "character," autocratic yet kindly, contentious to the verge of oddity, yet shrewd and thoughtful, boldly individual in plans, habits, and speech; one who could afford to be himself, and keenly enjoyed that freedom.

He started work in his father's grocery shop at the age of fifteen; became engaged to a girl who lived on the other side of the street when he had an income of a guinea a week; lived a happy life with her, mourned her death with deepest sorrow, and commemorated her in an art gallery which contained things they had begun to collect as soon as they had spare money.

A Public Benefactor

His public works and gifts include the model industrial township of Port Sunlight, his great business developments in Nigeria, the purchase of Stafford House, now utilised as the London Museum, and the gift of it to the nation, the gift of a park to Bolton, his native town, and £90,000 to Liverpool, while his more private benefactions were understood to be on a very generous scale.

A failure was a bold attempt to remould the economic life of the Hebrides, where he had made extensive purchases of land, but found his plans to be opposed to the traditions of the people.

Lord Leverhulme gave the world the interesting spectacle of a thoughtful attempt to reconcile the claims of capital and labour through copartnership and co-operation cemented by personal goodwill.

THE LOST MINE

Cockroaches Show the Way

A young American mining engineer has just rediscovered a very old Mexican gold mine in a curious manner.

In the days of Cortes the Spaniards called a mine by the name of Cucaracha, the Spanish for cockroach, because of the large numbers of these insects that swarmed near it. During the Mexican rebellion of 1812 the mine was sealed up, and apparently everyone who knew the secret was killed because nobody could ever locate the Cucaracha mine.

The engineer who had heard the story of this mine came, while prospecting, upon some rocks that seemed alive with cockroaches. He immediately thought of the old Mexican story, and a careful search resulted in the ancient workings being discovered.

Cucaracha, therefore, is once more being worked after more than a hundred years of disuse.

THE SAD PRICE OF FUR

HOW IT IS PAID BY THE TRAPPED ANIMALS

Canadian Scoutmaster's Plea for More Humanity

GENERATIONS OF CRUELTY

We have received from a Wolf Cub Master of the Boy Scouts living in Canada a most earnest appeal to tell our readers of the cruelty that for many generations has accompanied the fur trade of northern lands.

He points out that by Scout Law he is bound to defend all animal life against brutal cruelty. Yet he is surrounded by it, and even the Humane Society is not strong enough to make an effective stand against it, so firmly is the system of trapping entrenched behind powerful trade interests.

He describes one gross instance of monstrous and persistent cruelty perpetrated even in front of children; but we think the subject is more fairly raised by saying what occurs, as a matter of course, over the vast northern regions from which many of the expensive and fashionable furs are brought. It is not isolated instances of abnormal cruelty that make the trapper's business so painful to men with humane instincts, but the general conditions under which it is carried on.

Wild Creature's Agony

The usual way of capturing all kinds of fur-bearing animals is for the trappers to make a long round, setting and leaving traps at intervals, and then to repeat the round to gather up the wild creatures that are held prisoner by the traps. Obviously a system more careless of animal suffering is impossible.

Our correspondent describes his feelings in this way. "It is very unpleasant to sit in our well-heated houses on a bitter cold night in winter and to think of the helpless animals caught in steel traps and freezing in a temperature below zero, in great pain, for an uncertain length of time, or trying to tear themselves away. It makes me feel as if I wanted to go out and rescue them."

Well, that is how the trade is supplied with furs for the most part, though of late years there has been in various parts of Canada a considerable increase of fur-coated animals of the most profitable kind bred under control, and killed by methods that do not involve cruelty. In that way lies the most practical remedy against the casual trapping of wild animals with a cruelty that must deaden the kinder feelings of all who use it, or who grow accustomed to it till they think of it as one of the permanent ways of men toward animals.

A System that Must Go

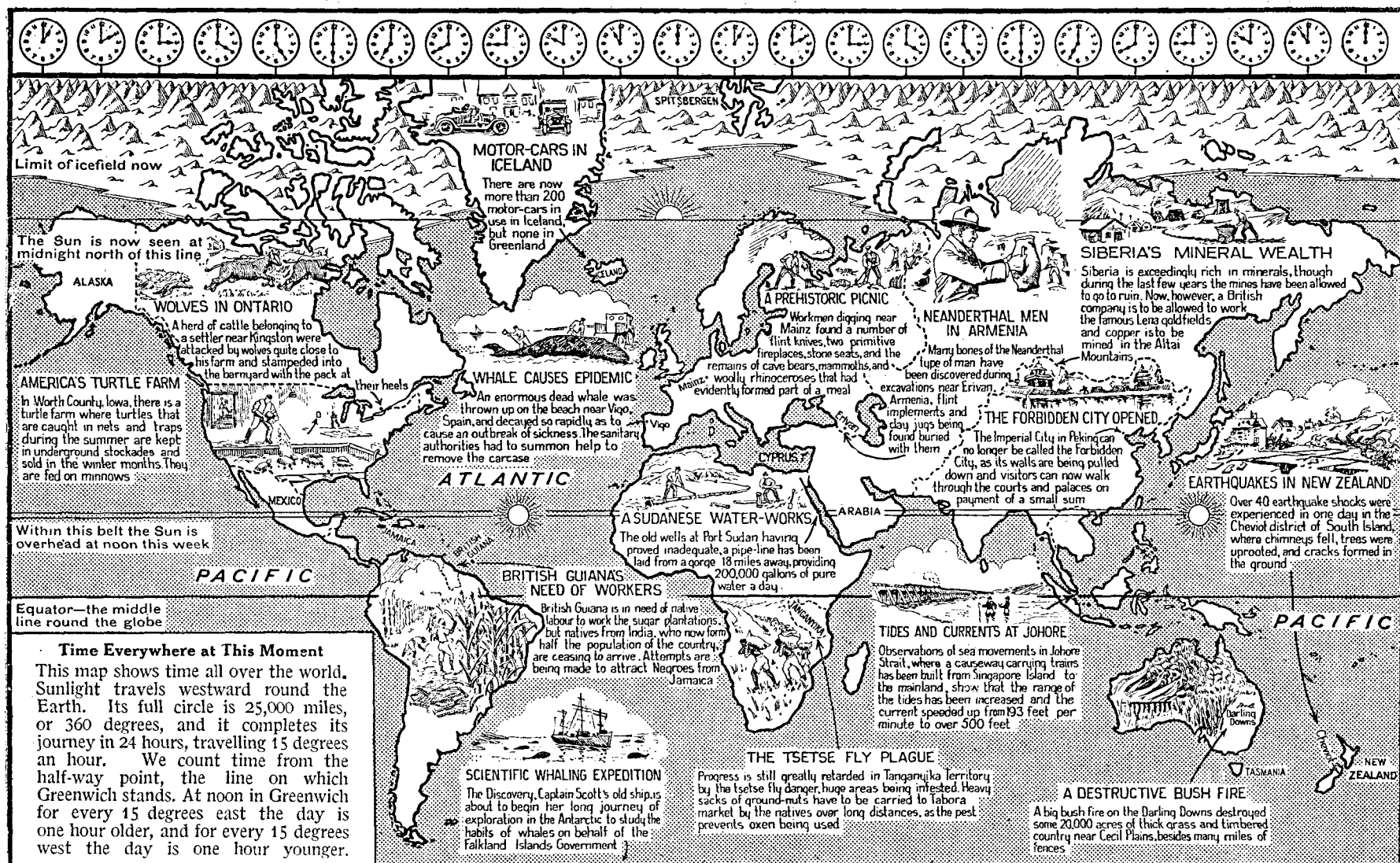
Such treatment of animals cannot possibly last for ever. There must come a time, for which all whose sympathy includes animals should work, when men and women will scorn to use torture in making use of animals for their own adornment.

A hundred years ago even William Cobbett was expressing indignation at the idea that Englishmen would ever lose their manliness by giving up bull-baiting, badger-baiting, cock-fighting, and other amusements of like kind; but they are gone. And so, too, will go the trade in cruelty. The first step is to know that it exists, and we are glad to help our correspondent to make the repulsive facts known.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aurungzebe . . .	Aw-rung-zeb
Herodotus . . .	He-rod-otus
Missolonghi . . .	Mis-so-lon-ge
Pocahontas . . .	Po-kah-hon-tas

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A FAMOUS SIGHT SAVED Where the Lowing Herd Winds Slowly O'er the Lea

When first public attention was called to the need for a thoughtful preservation, at Stoke Poges, of the scene of Gray's immortal *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard, the C.N. joined heartily in the movement, and now we welcome with thankfulness the completion of the work.

Thirteen acres of the meadowland in the vicinity of the churchyard have been secured, by gift or by purchase, and not only the churchyard but the adjoining "lea," across which the poet saw the lowing herd wend its way at eventide, are safe against the intrusion that would spoil their character.

The deeds that show the ownership of the meadows have been placed in the hands of the National Trust for preserving scenes of historical interest. The contributions to the fund for fulfilling this fine purpose came from all parts of the world.

As Viscount Grey said when he received the deeds on behalf of the Trust, the scene linked for ever with a poem that shines with a light peculiarly bright and serene is now secure. Happily our country is growing more and more conscious of the treasures she inherits from the past.

ROADS FROM RUBBISH An Experiment at Woolwich

Something new for the purpose of road-making has been built at Woolwich by the Borough Council.

This is a huge furnace which burns all kinds of rubbish and refuse and turns it into clinker. The clinker is then ground up and mixed with asphalt.

The mixture is used for road-making. Twenty-four hours after it is put down it dries and makes a road suitable for the heaviest traffic.

HINDENBURG'S FIRST ACT Field-Marshal's Tribute to Predecessor's Memory

Old Marshal Hindenburg, who now sits in the Presidential Chair instead of on the Great Headquarters Staff, has begun his official life well by introducing a Bill into the Republic's parliament to pay to the widow of President Ebert, Germany's first Socialist President, a better pension.

It is a kindly act, and one which comes well from the old Prussian soldier who could not have had many thoughts in common with the Republican saddler and cobbler who rose to be Germany's first President. It is a deed which is more like the old Germany, shrewd but generous and human, that our grandfathers and grandmothers knew.

Herr Ebert, the cobbler, gave up his last to become a politician. If Hindenburg, the soldier, gives up his sabre to do his best for the new Germany it might once again renew its faded reputation.

BELLS FOR THE LORDS Proposed Carillon for the Victoria Tower

The suggestion that the War Memorial for the House of Lords should be a carillon in the Victoria Tower will strike many as appropriate from several points of view.

That tower reigns over the Lords' region of the world's greatest place of legislature, as the tower of Big Ben reigns over the Commons' region.

And bells are a memorial which make a far more constant appeal to sentiment than the customary statuary. Much less can we elude what we hear than what we see. London is poor in impressive bell music. If the Lords wish to keep well in the popular memory their patriotism in the Great War, they can probably fulfil their purpose far better through a carillon in the Victoria Tower than in any other way.

BOY HERO OF ICELAND A Fight with the Raging Sea

In Iceland boys early become men. One of them at thirteen became the other day a hero in men's company. In the tempests of the late winter the Hull trawler *Viscount Allenby* was driven ashore on the iron-bound coast.

So high were the seas that no boat could be launched, from either ship or shore, to save the crew. On the sands four Iceland men and one Iceland boy watched the trawler. They saw a buoy flung overboard and guessed its purpose. It had a life-line attached to it in the slender hope that it might float ashore.

But the Icelanders were not the sort to let the lives of men hang on that perilous chance if they themselves could do anything better. Hand grasping hand, the four men and the boy waded farther and farther out into the raging surf, until at long last the foremost of them seized the line. Then, still waist or shoulder deep in the icy waves, they made it fast to the rocks, while along it the trawler's crew of ten men were hauled to safety.

King George has awarded to the boy and the men the silver medal for bravery.

A GIRL'S CLEVER IDEA Helping the Sheep Farmers

It is estimated that the clever idea of a young Australian girl will save the sheep ranchers in that country £600,000 a year.

Jute-fibre sacks are used in shipping the wool, and it has always been necessary to clean fleeces at the spinning mills in order to get rid of the scraps of fibre that have come off the sacks. Thanks to the girl's suggestion, the ranchers are lining their sacks with a kind of tissue-paper so that the extra cleaning is not required.

FUTURE OF CYPRUS Historic Island Becomes a British Colony A LONG AND CHEQUERED STORY

Cyprus has reached another stage in its long and chequered history. It has been proclaimed a British colony. Egypt, Rome, the Crusaders, Venice, Turkey, have been among its many masters.

It was in 1878 that Britain took it over from the Sultan, partly as security for debt, and partly to be a base from which she could help in the defence of the Asiatic dominions of Turkey against Russia after the Russo-Turkish war.

When Turkey joined Germany in the Great War Britain annexed the island, but made no change in its government. There was talk at one time of ceding it to Greece, but that was before Greece showed herself so powerless to hold the Asian territories gained from the Turks.

Many people in England still think it should be given to Greece. The great bulk of its people are Greek and there is a political movement among them for annexation. The present step, however, shows that any such idea has been definitely put aside, and it is to be hoped that it will soon be realised that good government under Great Britain is better for the people than slack government under Greece.

The new constitution gives the Greek element a clear majority in the local Legislature over both the representatives of the British Government and the Moslems. The island Budget will be in the hands of the Legislature instead of being decided in London, and the annual tribute of £92,000 to Britain for Turkey will no longer be exacted.

THE HORSE COMING BACK

It is said that ten per cent more horses are working on the streets now than a year ago. The reason is that for short journeys with frequent stoppages, the horse is a cheaper worker than the motor-van.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 23

1925

Ugliness

SPRING is here with all its beauty. Summer will soon be driving ugliness out of sight. A good thing it is for ugliness to go.

It should be driven out everywhere, for in its very nature ugliness is something that repels. If we do not perceive what is ugly in ourselves we are probably tolerating something that repels others, and will be a disadvantage to us.

A few people would like to be so kind as to say there are no ugly creatures in the world; but they are mistaken. Some lowly things have been made ugly that they may repel attention. Offensive looks are their safeguard. They may be quite harmless, but they do not look so. They look horrid. It serves them well.

But there is no use in human beings looking ugly; it is altogether a disadvantage. Therefore it is well to perceive any ugliness in ourselves and to try to avoid it.

Nobody can have fine features at will; but the plain may have pleasant faces. Nobody can acquire a rich, attractive voice; but a harsh, discordant tone may be checked. Even laughter, the welcome, natural expression of joy, may be unworthy of itself by being giggling, or vulgar.

And dress! What scope it has for ugliness when fashions are followed only because they are fashions, and not because they suit the wearer. Clothes that are quite charming on one may be positively ugly on another.

And ugliness does not affect one sex only. Men are as blind to it as women. Take two modes of motion as a contrast. We may see women riding through town or country on a bicycle, upright, graceful, sinuous, as if one with the machine, a sight most pleasing to the eye. And then comes along a man displaying, all at once, every form of grossest ugliness, squatting, sprawling, and goggle-eyed, with outstretched arms, on a foul-smelling, hideously panting motor-cycle, as he tears past like some reckless monster, filling the air with screeching sounds and looking like a figure from a nightmare world, a perfect illustration of a man who does not know what is ugly.

While it is a bad habit to be self-consciously thinking of our personal appearance, it is due to ourselves, and to the call of general good taste, that some thought should be given by everyone to avoid being an ugly object in the ways of men. To do that, thoughtful notice must be taken of what ugliness is in its many forms, and also of what cheers the eye with pleasantness and beauty. No one has a right to flout the world with ugliness, and this is the time of the year when we may all learn to avoid it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Figure Missing from the Albert Memorial

A POLISH friend of ours, who has been looking at the great gallery of figures round the base of the Albert Memorial, is distressed that Chopin is not among the musicians. It is almost unbelievable, and we cannot imagine the reason why.

We are reminded that Chopin, whose body was lost to Poland at his death, now sleeps among his people, and it is interesting to remember that he has come back to Poland dressed as he used to appear at his public appearances, for he left directions in his will that he should be borne to the grave in the clothes he had worn at his concerts.

A little odd, perhaps, but beautiful; for, after all, was he not going to hear the music of the spheres?

In an Old Tavern

THEY have been keeping the anniversary of a famous avenue in New York, and somebody has remembered that once upon a time there stood on this road a tavern with these rules hung on its walls.

Fourpence a night for Bed

Sixpence with Supper

No more than five to sleep in one bed

No boots to be worn in bed

Organ Grinders to sleep in the Wash house

No dogs allowed upstairs

No Beer allowed in the Kitchen

No Razor Grinders or Tinkers taken in

It is a queer little peep at those good old days.

How Do You Regard the State?

We take this interesting note, from The Times. It gives us two views of the State. The view of the 2,500,000 people who pay nearly half the taxation, and the view of the many other millions who receive financial benefits of various kinds from the State.

To the average wage-earner the State appears as a ministering angel, providing unemployment pay when industry is depressed, education and school-meals as his family increases, old-age pensions for his parents, protection against unscrupulous employers, remedies against the neglect of landlords, and a score of other benefits.

To the middle-class professional man it appears rather in the guise of an inexorable tax-inspector, who applies a statute of limitations to the oversights of his own department but none to yours, and who has at his back an elaborate (and expensive) organisation of recording angels (or imps), while you cannot even afford a secretary-typist and have always mislaid the letter on which you relied to prove your case.

Neither view is correct; both, and many others, are necessary to a complete view.

Things Take a Long Time

WE may be disappointed that Peace comes so slowly, but things do take a long time.

We have just been reminded that Macaulay asserted in 1838 that the House of Lords in a year or two would go the way of Old Sarum, and we remember that it took twenty-five years to make a Jew a citizen in England, and a Rothschild ten years to take his seat in Parliament after his election.

Tip-Cat

A FISH caught the other day contained three half-crowns. Evidently it was one of those silver fish.

PORRIDGE has fallen fifty per cent in Scotland. In that country it has for a long time past been going down.

THE best advertisement for a town is an artistic guide to its beauty spots in which we can all spot its beauties.

THE human mouth is said to be full of character. Except, of course, at meal times.

DRAUGHTS never give anyone a cold. But that is not why people sneeze at them.

WE are assured that all men are equal in the

House of Commons. But equal to what?

A FOREIGN visitor says all the people he meets in London are smiling. He can't see what they smile at.

May 25

Cromwell chosen Lord Protector, 1657.

OLIVER, clad in a suit and cloak of black velvet, and with a gold band upon his hat, sat down in the Chair of State.

John Morley

I called not myself to this place. I was by birth a gentleman; living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity. I have been called to several employments in the nation: to serve in Parliament, and, not to be over-tedious, I did endeavour to discharge the duty of an honest man, in those services to God, and His people's interest, and to the Commonwealth. Having had some occasions to see a happy period put to our sharp wars and contests with the then common enemy, I hoped to have had leave to retire to a private life. I begged to be dismissed of my charge; I begged it again and again, and God be judge between me and all men if I lie in this matter! But I could not obtain what my soul longed for.

Cromwell

When Comes the Night

By Our Country Girl

ALTHOUGH throughout the sunlit day
I live content with work and play,
Content fades with the light;
For borne upon the evening breeze
Comes all the unrest of the seas
And sadness of the night.

FAMILIAR earth is blotted out,
Our looks, drawn by the starry rout,
Are turned toward the sky;
And then we pine for far-off things
As swallows feel a prick of wings
When Western summers die.

I SCORN my work and pleasures then,
I will not judge my life by men,
I measure by God's gauge;
I want a life as high and deep
As all the space the night winds sweep,
I want the Moon for wage.

Now games and fashions, place and pelf,
Are broken toys upon a shelf,
Though once I liked them well;
I seem too old to play with toys,
I hunger for immortal joys
That verse and music tell.

WE'RE sailors, settled far inland,
A tune, a sea-smell, make us stand
And dream of flying foam.
Mayhap our Father gave us night
To keep that heavenly grief alight
With gleams and hints of home.

A Tale of a Hat

By One Who Saw It

COMING back from seeing aunt off at the station, Jenks minor strolled into the cricket field to watch the finish of a match.

While he was gloomily looking on, thinking that if his aristocratic aunt had not honoured him with a visit he could have been playing for his form, the ball flew towards him and, before he could move, sent the top hat he was expected to wear on ceremonious occasions rolling across the ground.

The next moment young Ripley, who was fielding, pushed him aside, jumped on his hat as if by accident, snatched up the ball, flung it to the bowler, then picked up the battered hat and burst out laughing. "My eye!" he chuckled; "you'll never look nice in that hat again, Jenks."

But instead of being angry Jenks began to laugh with him, and laughed till he could not stop. This irritated Ripley.

"Silly ass," he said; "don't see what you've got to laugh at. This is my joke."

"Yes," gasped Jenks, choking with laughter, "and it's your hat. I borrowed it because I couldn't find my own!"

I Will Not Hurt any Living Thing

I will not kill or hurt any living creature nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life.

Ruskin

May 23, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE FACE ON THE BOAT

TWO GRANNIES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Mrs. Waterhouse of Whitechapel and Her Famous Portrait

THE ROMANCE OF A PICTURE

One day last June an old lady called Mrs. Waterhouse, who lives in Whitechapel, was returning from Margate on a pleasure steamer. There were many people on the boat and few would have thought that anyone would have noticed the quiet, simply dressed old lady.

It happened that on board were an artist and his wife. The eyes of the man, Mr. Alfred E. Orr, came back again and again to the face of the old lady. He had been watching many people that day, but hers was the countenance more worthy of an artist's brush than those of the young people about him.

Margate Rock

The painter and his wife drew nearer Mrs. Waterhouse who, unconscious of scrutiny, was interestedly watching the changing scenes on the river side. Suddenly she put her hand to her head and a look of dismay came on her face.

"Oh!" said she, "I've forgotten the children's Margate Rock."

"She's magnificent," said the artist to his wife. "I must paint her. Do speak to her."

Presently Mrs. Waterhouse was aware of a lady at her elbow.

"My husband wants to do your portrait," said Mrs. Orr, smiling.

"But I couldn't afford it," said Mrs. Waterhouse.

The artist came up then and explained that there would be no expense. He wanted to paint her portrait because her face interested him.

Visits to Chelsea

Mrs. Waterhouse thought it was strange that anyone should want to paint an old woman of 69 who was a great-grandmother, when there were so many pretty girls about; but she consented to sit for her portrait. She went to Chelsea to Mr. Orr's studio many times, and watched with greatest interest the picture grow on the canvas. It was wonderful, she thought.

Another person thought it was wonderful, and that was Lord Bradbury, who used to write his name on our pound notes. He was having his portrait painted too, but he thought that of Mrs. Waterhouse was better than his. Many a little talk they had, and the old lady from Whitechapel told Lord Bradbury she had never sat so still and quiet in all her busy life.

The day came when the picture was finished and the visits to the Chelsea studio ceased. Mr. and Mrs. Orr did not forget their old lady. When the Royal Academy opened, they sent for her to come and look at herself hanging on the wall at Burlington House.

Granny in Piccadilly

Mrs. Waterhouse dressed herself in exactly the same style as she had done for the sittings, and accompanied by a son and daughter, several grandchildren and one great-grandchild, she set off for Piccadilly.

One of the attendants saw her going in and smiled and spoke.

"Your portrait's inside," he said. "I should know you anywhere."

The people who were passing through the rooms then saw the most wonderful picture possible—the two grannies looking at each other, one alive and moving, the other fixed in a beautiful frame.

"Here we are," the picture seemed to say. "Mr. Orr has painted me, but Life, the great artist, painted you: Life, the passing years, much work, tears, laughter, and many kind thoughts have made your face the picture it is."

"It is very wonderful," said Mrs. Waterhouse, and went on to look at portraits of beautiful and famous ladies.

A SLUM LANDLORD AGAINST HIS WILL

THE housing shortage and the laws which try to deal with it have produced some very queer and unexpected results. A man whose whole life has been spent in trying to help his fellows may find himself a slum landlord against his will.

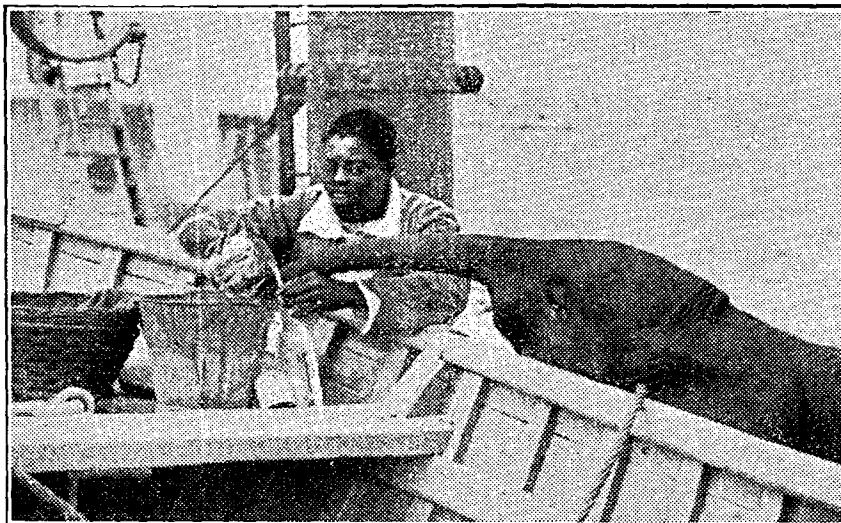
Such a man bought up some tumble-down houses just before the war at the back of his office for business extensions. They were places he would not have housed his dog in; he meant to pull them down and build on the clearing. But then came the war with its emergency legislation. Pulling down houses was not allowed: it wasted labour required for more urgent matters. Then the housing shortage became acute, and the new owner of the houses was asked

to allow them to be occupied till they could be dealt with as he desired.

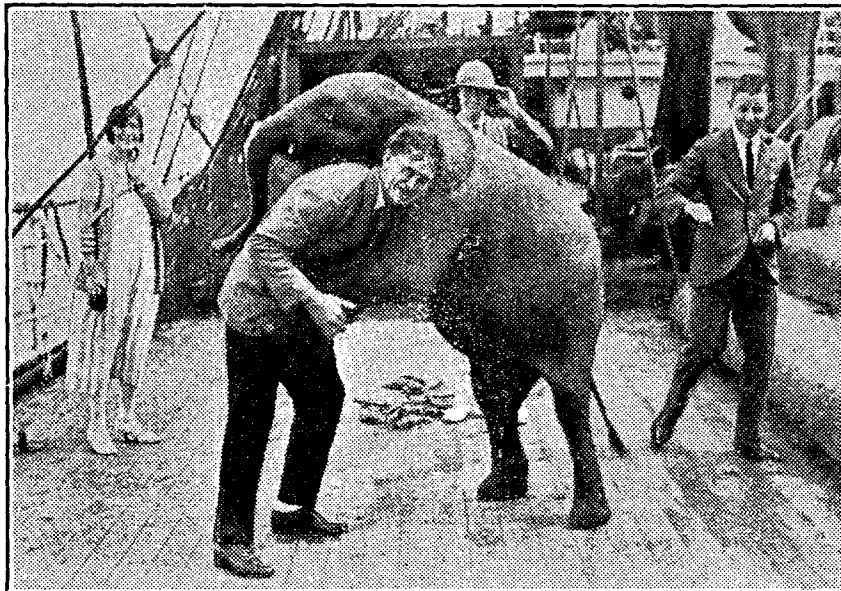
He agreed, and charged only a nominal rent. But then came the law which says that no one may be turned out of the house he occupies unless other accommodation can be found. So the owner had to allow the tenants to remain even when building was allowed again. Not only so, but he was required to put the houses into repair just as if he were getting a proper rent for them.

So now he is a slum landlord, paying more in useless repairs to his slum than he receives in rent, while his business goes on growing on premises far too small for it without his being able to build the larger premises his foresight provided for.

THE ZOO'S LITTLE VISITOR



The little elephant anxious to get at his breakfast



The pigmy and his keeper have a romp on deck

Here are some pictures, taken on the ship that brought him to England, of the pigmy elephant from West Africa which has been placed in the London Zoo for a time while his owner is travelling. He is an attractive little animal and likes to have a good romp

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The Aquitania burns 33,000 barrels of oil a day on her trans-Atlantic voyages.

About one-fourth of the world's annual production of gold goes into the world's coinage.

Musical Wales

This year the Welsh National Festival, the Eisteddfod, which is to be held at Swansea in July, will be broadcast.

John Bunyan's Anvil

An anvil has been discovered bearing the name of John Bunyan and the village where he was born, with the date 1647. It is believed to have been John's.

England Scores in Spain

Spain has at last allowed a woman barrister to plead in a court of justice, and the first woman to take a case there is of English descent, with the thoroughly English name Victoria Kent.

The United States now uses 52 million eggs a day.

Ten Ormskirk railwaymen are building their houses. They pay £54 down and 14 shillings a week for 20 years.

The Burden-Bearers

Out of the total tax-revenue of £718,000,000 in the United Kingdom £330,000,000 is paid by 2,500,000 people.

The Reindeer in Alaska

The reindeer industry in Alaska is now estimated to be worth more than the United States paid to Russia for the whole country.

A New Flying Record

A British aeroplane recently flew to Switzerland with one and a half tons of gold, and returned to London the same day. The journey of well over 1000 miles took about 13 hours.

A SPLENDID HERITAGE

EMPIRE DAY AND WHAT IT MEANS

The Flag of Goodwill and High Adventure

WHAT BRITAIN HAS DONE FOR THE WORLD

This year Empire Day falls on a Sunday, but that will not interfere with its due celebration in schools that are trained to feel the greatness of the nation's heritage.

There are people who allow themselves to suspect all thoughts of greatness, vastness, wealth, and power as being linked with ambition, conquest, tyranny, and pride; and often that linking up of size with wrong has been illustrated in the history of nations.

But we may ask, honestly and boldly, in this Empire week, whether such an imputation can be made truly against the British Empire. No nation, past or present, has a stainless history. Of course, instances may be searched out in which our country has been in the wrong in its treatment of other lands. Perfection is not to be found in nations any more than in men.

Progress with Peace

But the simple truth, which all the world knows in its heart to be truth, is that no great nation controlling vast regions of the world has ever existed or now exists which has acquired its possessions more honourably or governed them more justly for the good of their people than Great Britain.

She has taught the world what justice means, and has established, wherever her influence extends, the principle of free government, as soon as backward races are able to understand and use it.

Let there be no mistake, it is on British ideas of fairness and honest dealing throughout the whole round of human activities that, in a large measure, progress with peace depends almost everywhere. To say so is not a form of self-satisfaction. It is the simple expression of perhaps the biggest fact in modern history.

What the Empire Means

For Great Britain to brag of the size and power and wealth and glory of her far-reaching Empire would be sheer vulgarity. But there are qualities and influences in that Empire that are too precious to be ignored, and that ought to be understood by all her sons and daughters. It is what the British Empire means to the world today, and to mankind for the future, that may thrill us with an honest pride which has no unworthiness in it.

The British Empire represents an ideal in men's minds. It is not an ideal fully and formally expressed; yet it is very real. We understand and feel it as we understand instinctively the personality of a straight and manly man when we see him. That ideal is represented before the world in a symbol—the British Flag, the Flag of the whole of the Empire.

Symbol of a Glorious Past

Empire Day centres on the British Flag. It raises the Flag for salute with pride and joy. Not as the flag of conquest, or of military pride, or of vain-glory, as some would impute to us; but as a symbol of high adventure throughout a truly glorious past, of great deeds done in a noble spirit, of achievements honourable in the sight of the whole world, of hopes kindly and helpful towards all men of goodwill, the flag of a land we love, a land that the world has a right to trust. In that spirit we welcome Empire Day and salute the Flag. *Picture on page one*

MOONSHINE

HOW IT HELPS THE PLANT'S DIGESTION

The Head Gardener and the Under Gardener

NATURE'S NIGHT WORKER

When the Sun has done his daily job in field and garden, the work is not shut off till next morning. The Sun hands it over now and then to the Moon, who does a great deal that has not been usually credited to so modest a helper. That, at any rate, is what seems to be shown by the experiments which Miss Semmens began some years ago at Liverpool University on the effect of moonshine on seeds.

The Sun is the great working gardener, and so powerful and varied are the rays of every kind which he directs on to plants and seeds that the work of his helper, or under gardener, the Moon, has been overlooked. But the Moon's delicate task is to sift out some of the rays that are jiggling up and down from those that travel sideways, and let only one kind fall on the plant at a time. Scientific men have invented the hard word of polarisation to describe the Moon's performance.

What a Plant Can Do

If the Sun's rays are reflected from an ordinary mirror the same sifting-out process occurs, and it has been with light reflected from mirrors on to plants and parts of plants that the later experiments of Miss Semmens have been made.

One of the things a plant can do with ease and man cannot is to use rays of light in such a way as to make starch out of sugar. Both plants and manufacturers can make sugar out of starch, though they do it in different ways. What Miss Semmens has found is that while the plant gets on very slowly in sunlight with the business of turning starch into sugar, it does it very quickly in the sort of light the Moon supplies.

Our Debt to the Moon

It seems, therefore, that moonshine has a powerful effect on what might be called the digestion of plants. Moreover, these digestive processes affect the way in which the plant breathes. It must not be supposed that the plants get all their sifted light from the Moon. When the Sun is near setting, and also just before he rises, the light is sifted or polarised by reflection from particles in the air.

The digestion of the plant is thereby so affected that it shuts or opens the petals of its flowers. Perhaps this kind of sifted light does more work than moonshine, but the Moon has lighted our way to finding out.

What can perhaps be said at present is that plants, in order to carry on, need both the full light of the Sun and the sifted kind of light that the Moon supplies, so that the Moon may be thought of as the night-shift in Nature's staff of gardeners.

ANDORRA PAYS HER TRIBUTE

Ceremony Over 1000 Years Old

The tiny mountain-girt Republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees has just paid the small money-tribute due every second year to the Prefect of the French Department of the Eastern Pyrenees.

Andorra is under the joint suzerainty of France and the Spanish Bishop of Urgel, and the ceremony of handing over the tribute is carried out with careful adherence to tradition, dating back, it is believed, to the days of Charlemagne.

The delegation, consisting of the vice-syndic and two councillors of the Republic, was received at Perpignan by the Prefect; and after they had taken a solemn oath of loyalty to France they were entertained to lunch in the usual time-honoured manner.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE EMPIRE

General Hertzog's Plea for Unity

There is a feeling abroad that the Dutch and British elements in the Union of South Africa are drifting apart. But if we can take plain words as having a plain meaning General Hertzog, the Prime Minister, and leader of the extreme Dutch section of the Union, appreciates fully the value of unity. Here are his words:

Though I hold it in common with a great many distinguished English statesmen that any Dominion has the right to secede from what is known as the British Commonwealth, such a decision, so far as the Union is concerned, would be a flagrant mistake and a national disaster, should it be brought about under circumstances causing either the English or the Dutch section of the community as a whole to feel that the change had been brought about by the imposition of the will of one section upon the will of the other. I hold, further, that only the very gravest national consideration could justify such a step being taken without the concurrence as a whole of the two great sections of our people. Nor have I the least fear that any such consideration will ever arise as long as each of the two sections abstains from any claims to superiority or dominance over the other.

As the British certainly do not claim superiority or dominance over the population of Dutch stock, it is not easy to see on what any supposed grievance could be based.

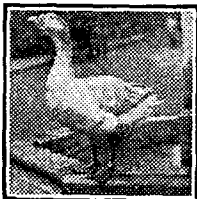
KELLY'S LAST WALK

By a Passer-by in Conway

Poor Kelly has gone—the darling of Conway—and people have been grieved at his death almost as much as if he had been a Christian soul.

Kelly was left in Conway about six years ago, a present to a man who owns a garage there.

From being just as ordinary goose, grey and white and very knowing, he became Kelly of Conway. His owner found out afresh with regard to Kelly what many people have realised who have tried to bring up geese, that they are most uncannily human.



The Goose of Conway

Each one of a flock has its own particular way of treating master or mistress, or even the boy who lives down the lane. In the end, the owners often find that to think of putting one of them in the oven is terrible.

Thus it is that Kelly of Conway had never even thought of the inside of an oven. He was a most important person, everybody's darling, and could play King of the Castle wherever he liked.

The speediest, most arrogant, butcher's boy would as soon have thought of running his bicycle into the Mayor, chain and all, as into Kelly. When Kelly strolled across the road the traffic held itself up until my lord decided on which side he was going to stay.

His Morning Exercise

Almost every morning he took a walk round the town. He knew without being told that walking is the finest exercise under the Sun, and he had no intention of dying of a fatty heart. People said "Hullo, there's Kelly," Kelly said "How do, top of the morning," or words to that effect. If they were rude to him he was ruder. He could make his voice heard as strongly as those famous ancestors of his who roused the Romans when the Capitol was attacked.

The dustman was a particular friend of his. Kelly went round with him, and had a ride back in the empty cart. If he got dusty there was the fountain of the Prince Llewellyn monument for him to dip in. But he did not mind very much. He knew we all have to eat a peck of dirt before we are done with. The other day while out walking he ate a little too much—picked up some poison.

And now he is dead. Poor Kelly!

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

The Miner's Daily Peril

How few of us realise the constant danger in which the miner follows his strenuous calling, and the daily acts of heroism it involves. Here is a story of devotion, one of hundreds like it, which the mining folk seem to take as a matter of course.

Morgan Daniels, a fireman, was touring a mine with a boy companion early in the morning to see that all was safe for his mates to begin work. He came to a place where there was evidence of gas, and went forward to investigate, telling the boy to wait behind.

Soon the boy heard moaning and gave the alarm. Another fireman, William Howells, immediately rushed to where Daniels lay, and was himself overcome. Then the manager, with a rope round his body, tried to get them out, but had to be hauled back without reaching them. When, an hour later, it was possible to get them, both Daniels and Howells were dead. They had died almost at once.

It is a simple and a common story, but where else are to be found tales of more utter self-devotion?

FREEING THE SLAVES

Maharajah of Nepal Writes to a C.N. Reader

A Croydon reader of the C.N. was so moved by our recent article on the abolition of slavery in Nepal, through the action of its enlightened ruler, that he wrote his appreciation of the Maharajah's action to the Maharajah himself.

His letter has been acknowledged most cordially through that ruler's private secretary, who expressed the belief that the country will be "free from this hated institution in the course of the next few months."

In another letter to an English correspondent, the Maharajah says:

Efforts made to win over the owners to my side are having satisfactory results, and though there are some Die-hards who refuse to be moved by persuasion or inducements, their number will, it is expected, be so very small as to give me the hope of being able to see the slaves emancipated and slavery totally abolished. Every day that dawns is seeing an increase in the number of liberated slaves.

A NEW USE FOR X-RAYS

To Prove that Modern Paintings are Genuine

A French doctor has invented a means of preventing forgeries of modern paintings from being passed off as the genuine work of the original artist.

His method consists of a new application of X-rays. Before leaving the studio the painting will be radiographed, so that the film will reveal every detail of the material on which the picture is painted; every fibre of the canvas and every knot or stain in the wood, if the painting is on a panel.

A positive film will supply proof of identification of the painting and secure the purchaser against fraud.

RUSSIA KEEPS OUT THE BIBLE

Four Million Scriptures Sold in China

The Bible Society in its annual report regrets that it is still forbidden to send Bibles into Russia. "All endeavours to gain an entrance have failed," it says.

Only by a special permit from the Soviet Government can anyone print the Christian Scriptures in that country, and the permits are not granted. The people long for the Bible in vain.

A bright contrast is seen in China. About four million of the ten million volumes sold by the Society last year were sold in China.

FIGHTING GIANT DESPAIR

THE MAN WHO WILL NOT GIVE IN

Stewart Royston and the Work He Does from His Bed

THE SICK FRIEND OF GOOD CAUSES

A story has come to our ears of a life nobly spent in circumstances which would seem to give every excuse for "slacking."

It tells of a man with whom life has dealt very hardly. He was a boy of promise and looked out on the world with confident and hopeful eyes, sure of success. He did not want an easy time; he yearned for the salt and sting of life, to go on and be beaten back, and go on again.

Who can tell how wide the world is to the eyes of a boy? He does not know himself until the magic years are past, and then he remembers those illimitable distances, those beckoning seas.

Suddenly vision and hope were wiped out of this boy's life. He was stricken with semi-paralysis. The eager apprentice to life's adventures was dismissed. Henceforward his place must be in the side shadows with the aged, the infirm, and the suffering.

He Thinks It Out

Instead of shaping a career, forming a home, he must become a dependent on the love of others. He might quite reasonably expect to live a good age, unless the attacks of pain from which he could not escape weakened him.

Stewart Royston went out into the darkness and fought Giant Despair—the first of many rounds. Then he set about thinking what he could do with what was left of life. He could hold a pencil—that was his only tool. The lad turned his eyes away from himself and found many things to think about and labour for apart from himself. The years passed by; boyhood merged into manhood.

There are now thousands of people who are debtors to the kindness, unselfishness, and enthusiasm of this crippled man. From his sick room he has started, organised, and carried out an extraordinary number of schemes for helping other people, so that kings, earls, bishops, and prime ministers have had reason to write and say: "Thank you! Go on and God speed. You are doing a noble work."

25,000 Walking-Sticks

It was Stewart Royston who thought out and carried through a scheme for providing wounded soldiers and sailors of the Great War with walking-sticks. The task was not easy, but he got 25,000 walking-sticks before he had finished. Now he is trying to establish a Mother's Sunday every year to help the hospitals.

Many other things he has done—yeoman service for Liverpool Cathedral; its Gratitude Fund he has especially laboured for and has drawn in all kinds of gifts from a shilling up to £500. He has a special care for organisations to help hospitals. All those who are sick or sorry are friends of Stewart Royston, of Paddington, near Warrington, whose life is a constant challenge to healthy, strong, and free people to take up any work that may be—to come out of themselves and think of others.

WASTING PRECIOUS OIL

SUPPLIES BEGINNING TO GIVE OUT

Will America Become a Buyer Instead of a Seller?

EXHAUSTING NATURE'S STORES

By Our Economic Correspondent

The great rise in mineral oil prices which occurred in the feverish and short-lived trade boom after the war caused a further great waste of United States oil resources.

In haste to get rich, an enormous amount of new drilling was done. Men do not dig or mine to get at the wonderful stores of petroleum or mineral oil which have been produced and conserved by Nature far down in the Earth's substance. The modern oil engineer drills a small hole and inserts a pipe. The process is quickly done, and its very quickness leads to wanton waste.

In the hurry to avail themselves of high prices, speculators drilled new fields in California and elsewhere, and added so quickly to the world's stock of oil that the price of petrol and other petroleum products fell rapidly.

Great stocks accumulated, and there has been enormous waste.

Science and the Oil Supply

Not that waste is a new thing in American oil industry. It is estimated that a considerable proportion of all the oil obtained has been wasted. We do not know how long the world's mineral oil stores will last, but expert opinion seems to agree that the best supplies will be exhausted in about twenty-five years. Then oil will become very dear, unless science helps to give us oil from other sources.

The result of the eager oil drilling in the last few years has been so unfortunate that the United States President has just made an order establishing an Oil Conservation Board. This body is to study the whole question, and to devise whatever legislation may be necessary to safeguard the oil supplies, and to use them to the best advantage.

President Coolidge puts it that the present American methods of "capturing our oil deposits is wasteful to an alarming degree." It is, indeed, waste on a scale which threatens American prosperity, and concerns also the world outside America; for if the United States wastes her oil she will, by and by, have to import, and so compete as a buyer, instead of being, as she is now, a seller.

Need for Cooperation

Every relevant consideration shows that the demand for oil will increase everywhere on land and sea. Every year more ships substitute oil for coal. On land the internal combustion engine calls for increasing oil fuel, and it is really difficult to know where supplies are to come from in the time to come. Even if science helps, it will not be possible for the scientific product to be as cheap as the great stores which have been made in Nature's laboratory.

What a pity it is that the world is not yet so organised in a friendly way that all nations could come together and agree to conserve the world's oil. For it is not only in America that oil is wasted.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A portrait by Hoppner . . .	£10,710
A picture by Reynolds . . .	£7035
1st edition of Baxter's Call . . .	£6800
Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, 1484 . . .	£660
A Louis XVI gold snuff-box . . .	£304
Violin by Giambattista Ruggeri . . .	£260
A set of six Italian chairs . . .	£236
A second folio Shakespeare . . .	£205
A Gordon Riot sword . . .	£131
An autograph letter of Napoleon . . .	£125
Old English ivory patch-box . . .	£120
A Baxter colour print . . .	£63

16 MILLION STORMS A YEAR

And Over 3000 Million Lightning Flashes

CONTINENT WHERE THUNDER IS NEVER HEARD

Every day of every year there are 44,000 thunderstorms, or 1800 every hour, and as these last on an average at least an hour it is safe to say that every moment of the year there are nearly 2000 thunderstorms raging.

This astonishing fact is recorded in a blue book on the Distribution of Thunderstorms over the Globe, just issued by the Meteorological Office of the Air Ministry. Records have been taken carefully all over the world and brought together and compared, and from the facts thus collected this book has been compiled by Mr. C. E. P. Brooks for the Air Ministry.

According to Mr. Brooks the Earth experiences 16 million thunderstorms a year, or 44,000 a day. Each thunderstorm yields about 200 flashes of lightning an hour, so that 1800 storms give 360,000 flashes over the whole globe. In other words this means that every second of time throughout the year 100 lightning flashes are taking place somewhere, and the figures worked out for a year seem even more startling.

Startling Figures

Every year there are over 3000 million lightning flashes, or to be more exact 3,153,600,000, and when we remember that one single flash of lightning releases 50 million horse power of energy, and that the whole water power of the world that has been harnessed so far by man is only about 25 million, we get some faint idea of the incredibly vast amount of energy released during a year's thunderstorms.

The Antarctic continent never experiences thunderstorms, and in the Arctic they are very rare. In Greenland, for instance, only two were recorded over a period of 22 years. On the other hand some areas exist in an atmosphere of almost continuous thunderstorm. A great area in Central Africa has over 100 thunderstorms in six months.

HULLO, AUSTRALIA!

Telephone Talks Across the World

While the international postal authorities are laboriously improving the telephone service of Europe, to make it possible to speak over wires between London and Rome, Signor Marconi and his colleagues are perfecting their arrangements for telephoning without wires between England and Australia.

So long ago as 1923 he managed to make his voice heard there by means of his short-wave "beam" system, which sends the current straight in the desired direction instead of broadcasting it. Now he has so far perfected his apparatus that by October he expects to have England in constant touch with Australia and Canada and South Africa.

Between now and then a beam wireless station will be built at North Petheron, near Bridgwater, and will be fitted with a modulator which can transform it in a moment from telegraph to telephone.

The aerials of a similar station in Canada have already been set up. Africa has started to join the system, and Australia begins almost at once. All of them are to be ready by the autumn, and will be fitted with the wonderful modulator. India is shortly to follow suit.

Ultimately these Dominion stations will be able to communicate with each other as well as with us, but to begin with the only direct communication of this sort will be between Australia and Canada.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Who said "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child?"

This is merely a popular proverb based on the text in Proverbs, chapter 13, verse 24.

Where were Gilbert and Sullivan Born? Sir Arthur Sullivan was born in London May 13, 1842, and Sir William Gilbert in London, November 18, 1836.

When were Surnames First Used in England?

Surnames were introduced into England by the Normans, and were used by the nobility about 1100.

What is Candle Power?

Candle power is the unit of illuminating power and is defined as a spermaceti candle burning at the rate of 120 grains of sperm per hour.

Who Wrote Paul and Virginia?

This romance, once as popular as Uncle Tom's Cabin and Robinson Crusoe, was written by Bernardin de St. Pierre, a French author who died in 1814.

What is an Electron?

A minute particle detached from an atom, and of course quite invisible. Atoms are believed to be made up of electrons moving about a nucleus.

What is a Momus?

A momus is one who carps at everybody and everything. The word is the name of the sleepy god who was always carping and criticising and railing at the other gods.

Where is Chanak?

It stands in the Dardanelles, and is the chief town of the sanjak, or province, of Bigha, in Asia Minor. During the war it was unsuccessfully attacked by the Allied Fleet in 1915.

Who Was Professor Keeler?

Professor Keeler was Director of the Lick Observatory in California, and was noted for a series of fine photographs of nebulae which he took. He discovered by the spectroscopic the rotation period of Saturn's Rings. He died in 1900.

What Hero of Modern Greece was Buried at Missolonghi?

Probably you are thinking of Lord Byron, who died at Missolonghi while striving for Greek independence, but he was not buried there. A monument was erected to his memory at Missolonghi in 1881.

How are Diamonds Cut and Polished?

The diamond cleaves easily, and it is first reduced to a suitable size by splitting it along the lines of cleavage. The general form is then produced by rubbing the diamonds together, and the facets are then polished by revolving on an iron disc, on which diamond powder is placed.

How did the Expression "Once in a Blue Moon" Originate?

It is found as far back as 1528. The Moon is said on very rare occasions to take on a more or less bluish hue, no doubt due to atmospheric conditions, and the very rarity of this led to the expression as a simile of something that occurs seldom.

Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

No one can say definitely. He was an unidentified French state prisoner, who died in the Bastille on November 19, 1703. The most generally accepted suggestion is that he was Count Mattioli, Secretary of State to the Duke of Mantua.

Do Eclipses of the Sun and Moon occur at Regular Intervals?

No; they depend on the various movements of Earth, Sun, and Moon. In 1926, for instance, there is the first total eclipse of the Sun visible in England for about two centuries. Knowing the movements of these worlds, however, astronomers can work out for years ahead when eclipses will take place.

Who was Lalla Rookh?

Lalla Rookh, the heroine of Thomas Moore's poem named after her and published in 1817, was the supposed daughter of Aurangzeb, Emperor of Delhi. She was betrothed to the Sultan Aliris of Lesser Bucharia, and on a journey to Cashmere fell in love with a young Persian poet who turned out to be the sultan to whom she was betrothed.

How can Furniture be Rid of Boring Beetles?

It is very difficult to get rid of these pests once they have attacked a piece of furniture. The trustees of the British Museum issue a pamphlet on the pest called Furniture Beetles, Economic Series, No. 11, which can be obtained from the Museum for sevenpence post free.

A FAMILY OF SUNS

THE SEVEN STARS OF THE PLOUGH

Speeding Through Space at 19 Miles a Second

THE CLOCK HAND IN THE HEAVENS

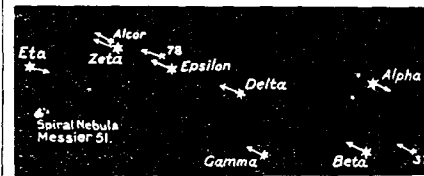
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Probably no group of stars is so well known as the famous seven stars of Ursa Major, popularly called The Plough. They are always visible, in the absence of clouds, on any night of the year, the only difference being their position in the heavens, relative to the observer.

Just now they are almost overhead about 9 o'clock, but six months ago they were low down, above the northern horizon at this hour. Thus like a gigantic clock hand they swing round the northern heavens.

This is from our point of view, and, as we know, is due to the fact that we are swinging round the heavens, as our world annually revolves round the Sun.

But actually these seven stars are speeding through space in a proper motion of their own. As shown in



The chief stars of Ursa Major, showing the direction in which they are travelling

our star map, Alpha and Eta in Ursa Major are travelling in a westerly direction, while the remaining five, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta, are travelling in the opposite direction, together with the smaller stars Alcor and those numbered 78 and 37.

Thus we have a flying squadron of eight stars speeding across the Universe as if for a common destination. They are travelling toward us, most of them at from 18½ to 19½ miles a second; yet so great is their distance that they seem to get no nearer during a life-time.

These stars form part of a still larger family containing, as far as is known at present, 13 suns. They are arranged in the form of a colossal flat disc, one end of which is much nearer to us. At this end is Sirius, one of the family, and but 560,000 times as far off as our Sun; at the other end of the disc is Beta in Auriga, the bright star a little way above Capella in the north-west.

This star is 8½ million times as far away as our Sun, and about 17 times as far as Sirius; between these the other stars are placed, Beta in Ursa Major being about 2,900,000 times our Sun's distance, Epsilon 4½ million times, Delta 4,700,000 times, Zeta 4,800,000 times, Gamma 5 million.

Doubtless more stars will later on be found to belong to this family.

Part of a Whirling Nebula

When we reflect that our Sun is some 93 million miles from us, some idea may be obtained of the vast proportions of this realm of space through which this group of suns is hurtling as from a common source.

Another singular circumstance is that the large members of the family have all reached a similar degree of stellar evolution; that is, they are of the same age approximately, and are in the hydrogen state. They are therefore of the A, or Sirian, type of sun.

All these facts taken together indicate that all these stars had a common origin both in time and place, and were doubtless, all of them, once part of a whirling nebula before they condensed into suns and took their flying course across the Universe to where they are now, far from the region of their birth. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Jupiter south before dawn. Mercury east. In the evening Mars west, Saturn south-east.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

Set down by
John Halden

What Has Happened Before

Christopher Curwell, who is ordered a complete change of air and scene in a cold climate, goes with his sister and two brothers for a long holiday in Arctic Canada, Ole Oleson acting as guide.

Near the Great Bear Lake they shoot some caribou for winter meat and clothing. The boys adopt as pets the two cubs of a bear Timothy has shot.

CHAPTER 7

Building the House

WITH the morning the blizzard had come. The boys, awakening, looked out on a world of driving snow. The thermometer had dropped like a plummet, and now rested many degrees below zero. The tent swayed ominously, and needed immediate attention to keep it from being torn away from over their heads.

"The real Arctic at last," exulted Thomas, as the young people, glad indeed of the warm garments that the industry of Ellen and Arnanyak had made for them, wrestled against the cutting wind and sleet.

There was much to be attended to. The dried meat had largely been packed away in a cache near the tent. The dogs had to be got into some kind of shelter, and the sleds and gear brought in from where they had been lying out in the open. It was no easy thing to work in the storm, for the cold was intense and the air so thick with driving snow that they could not see two yards ahead.

As they worked Timothy came suddenly upon Christopher. Something in the elder brother's face caught his attention.

"Chris! What's the matter with your face?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing," Christopher answered; or, rather, attempted to answer, for he found his face would not at first obey him in the movements of speech.

"Wrinkle your face," commanded Timothy. "It's all mottled over with white spots."

Christopher tried it, and found his face queerly stiff.

"I think it's frozen, Tim," he said quietly.

Timothy was seized with a spasm of terror.

"You've no business to be out here!" he cried, savage with apprehension. "No matter how fit you think you are. Here, rub it with snow!"

Both boys hastily scooped up handfuls of the snow at their feet to rub on Christopher's nerveless face. From reading many books on the Arctic, they had come to the erroneous belief that this was the proper way to treat such accidents. A few minutes of such application in that intense cold and even the parts of Christopher's face not yet affected would have been frozen stiff. Luckily, Ole Oleson came upon them in time.

"What are you doing?" he cried, running up through the whiteness that enveloped them.

"Chris has got his face frozen. We're trying to save it," answered Timothy, rubbing with all his might.

"Stop that foolishness this minute!" Ole saw instantly, from the blue-white condition of his friend's flesh, that there was no time to be lost. "Come into the shelter of the tent, Chris. Now take your hands out of your gloves and hold them to your face. What you want to do is to get your flesh back to normal temperature. Can't think where that silly notion started—that to unfreeze a face you want to freeze it more. 'Course you don't want to cook it by putting it next a stove. Here!"

Ole took his own warm hands out of his gloves and, taking turns with

Timothy, gently massaged Christopher's face back to painful life.

"Now that's going to give you about as much trouble as a bad case of sun-burn," he announced, "so you'd better stay in until you're healed."

"It's exercise you want, old Chris!" cried Tom jubilantly, tumbling into the tent with the cubs. "Tweedledum, Tweedledee, and I have been having the time of our lives out there, with the wind and snow fairly knocking us off our feet. Now at last I know I'm in the Arctic."

As he spoke Tom carefully fed the cubs from the scanty store of tinned milk.

"You'll have your fill of exercise as soon as this storm lets up," said Ole. "A sod house is the warmest place I know of, except a snow house, and the snow won't be hard enough for that for some time yet. So when we can see our way about, we'll set to work cutting some blocks of earth to live in."

Indeed, the Curwell family was having a hard time to keep warm. The wolf skins helped, and the bear skin, in spite of its not having been properly cleaned as yet, was spread on the floor on top of several layers of caribou hides. A fire burned in the oil stove, but its warmth seemed to evaporate in the frosty air that forced its way in through every possible opening.

The blizzard passed finally, however, and left the country a smooth expanse of snow.

"Now we can use the sleds properly," said Ole, with satisfaction. "It won't take us long to find the right kind of sod, I imagine, and when we've cut it and put a house up, we'll be warm again."

From a nearby clump of black spruce trees Ole selected straight ones to make two pairs of vertical posts about twenty feet apart. Across the top of these, ridge poles were laid as the foundation of the frame. The sod walls, when built, were sloping inward, a fact that added much to their warmth and solidity. In the centre of the roof a hole was left through which the smoke of the camp fire might escape.

"A crackling wood fire is a homey thing to have, don't you think so, little Lady Nellie?" asked Ole.

Ellen agreed, and so it proved. Carpeted with warm furs and deer-skins, its thick walls keeping out the raging storms, the little sod house made a delightful autumn dwelling. More and more the boys kept close to the fire as the days grew shorter. Soon the sun did not appear at all above the horizon. A few hours of twilight were all that could be called a day. Outside the wolves howled continually, and the dogs shivered and came close to the fire.

CHAPTER 8

Crossing the Ice

Now thankful they were for their stores of dried venison! But sometimes for a change Timothy, Tom, and Ole went hunting for caribou. The temperature during these hunting expeditions was sometimes as low as fifty degrees below zero.

One day Tom pointed out to Ole a cloud of what seemed smoke rising above a small forest of spruce.

"Do you suppose there can be Eskimos camped there?" he asked.

"I reckon not, sonny," replied Ole. "I'd call that probably the steam rising from a small herd of caribou. We'll see if we can get them, but in this intense cold every little sound we make will carry to them."

The three hunters made a careful detour, hoping to surprise the animals, but, as Ole had feared,

the snapping of the hard, frozen snow under their feet sounded like pistol shots, and the caribou were warned long before they were within range. As they ran off a cloudy trail hung behind them for a mile or more in the still air.

But even with such occasional hunts everyone grew tired of inaction. Christopher was spending his time very profitably learning the Eskimo language and native lore from their two Arctic companions, but even he expressed his satisfaction when Ole declared the time ripe for the push down the Coppermine River to Coronation Gulf. Everything now seemed frozen solid, and the snow was ideal for travelling. The long wintry night, too, was passing, and Ole hoped to get to Victoria Island by the first of March.

It was on a clear and sparkling day that the Curwells bade goodbye to their sod house, and, with tent equipment and what was left of their meat supply packed on the sleds, started off for the Coppermine River.

The sun had come back, and reflected on the surrounding whiteness made it necessary for everyone to wear amber glasses for fear of snow blindness. The dogs were wild for action, fat, and rested after the winter's inactivity. Tweedledee and Tweedledum, each tethered by a paw, sat on the top of the packed sleds and gazed at everything with interest. They were by now perfectly tame.

In spite of all this Ole shook his head whenever anyone exulted too loudly in the excellence of their prospects.

"All this here good luck is ominous, to my way of thinking," he explained. "I'm advising every member of this party to watch his step. Old Mrs. Luck is liable to change her mind any day now. Just watch out and don't anybody get too cocky, that's all I say."

"You're superstitious, like all sailors, Ole," laughed Christopher. "Come on, the dogs are wild to start."

During the first few weeks of travel Ole's forebodings were often recalled with laughter round the evening fire. Travelling had become even more easy for them after reaching the Coppermine River, which, seemingly frozen solid, made a smooth highway for the sleds.

"If I didn't know you were just putting it on I'd feel creepy," exclaimed Ellen one evening, just before they reached the mouth to the Coppermine. Ole had just recited the old saw, "Never hour so calm as just before a storm."

Young Thomas struck a tragic pose, and with a prophetic air recited a list of accidents to happen to them all on the morrow.

"Polar bears to the number of

ninety-seven leaped simultaneously on our hero," he intoned. "Jaws gaping, yellow fangs dripping with a brother's gore (yours, Tim!) they leaped, snarling, on our valiant Thomas—"

"He, however, no whit abashed either by their size or numbers," interrupted Timothy, "dived down a rabbit hole and so escaped."

"All the same," said Ole, refusing even a smile at their nonsense, "I warn you to be careful."

Ole's conservative attitude, though tinged with sailor superstition, was born of experience. He agreed with Stefansson that adventures come thick upon the incompetent, and he knew besides that good fortune, too long continued, makes people relax and grow careless of danger. Besides, he had another reason for apprehension. He knew Coronation Gulf to be frozen over completely at this season of the year, but the general temperature, to his alarm, was rising steadily every day. It looked as if there might be an unusually early thaw, and if they were to cross the frozen gulf safely by sled, and so spend the spring and summer on Victoria Island, there was no time for skylarking on the way. The others wondered what had come over Ole, as with a stern face he urged them to rise earlier and travel farther each day.

At Coronation Gulf, however, the ice looked quite as it should, a wide expanse of white and green-white. There were the usual ridges and peaks where sea-floes had jammed together before freezing solid, but, as they followed the shore to the straits where Ole knew the gulf was narrowest, no spaces of open water were in sight. With a sense of great relief, then, Ole shouted encouragement to the others, and ran with his team of dogs out on the frozen sea. Timothy and Tom followed him closely.

"It's pleasant to know that down below us there is nothing but cold black water," said Tom wickedly, as he ran along.

"How can you be sure of the ice's strength?" asked Timothy.

"You can't," responded Ole, unless you get down and test it with your knife every little way. "Still, salt-water ice is less treacherous than fresh-water ice, because it's tougher. It usually gives you warning by bending before it breaks. I wish the weather were colder, though. We ought to have a full month yet below zero."

"What are those black things over there?" cried Tom, pointing. "Do you suppose they're seals?"

"Shouldn't wonder, sonny," answered Ole, and, stopping his dogs, he raised his field-glasses to his eyes.

Before he had been standing a minute, however, he felt a strange sensation under his feet. Both the boys felt it, too.

"I say, Ole, this ice is sinking!" cried Timothy.

It was true. Round each man's boots the sea water was creeping up. The sled, too, was slowly settling in a kind of shallow bowl-like depression that grew ominously deeper every second.

Tom, sensing what the trouble was, lay instantly down flat and tested the ice with his hunting-knife. The blade went through so easily into the sea beneath that a cold chill ran over the boy's spine. The ice was only a little more than four inches thick where they stood.

"Back where we came from as fast as you can go!" cried Ole.

His face was grey as he called the leaders, Pikaluk and Anaktok, to turn swiftly about and drag the sled out of the sinking hollow before it should pull the dogs down into the black depths below.

Timothy and Thomas lent a hand till the sled had started, and then, beckoning frantically to the sled behind to turn about likewise, they ran as fast as possible over the bending, swaying ice, under which, in the brief moment he had lain on it, Tom had heard the rustle of the deep black water flowing beneath.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Father of Science

ABOUT the time that Euclid died a Greek Colonial was born at Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, who was related to princes, but was to live on the page of history, not on that account, but because of his profound scientific knowledge.

He was, in fact, the first of the world's great outstanding scientists, and an apparatus for raising water, which he invented, still goes by his name. A story of how he put his scientific discoveries to practical use is known to most boys and girls. A king had delivered to a worker in metal a certain weight of gold to make into a crown, but when the crown was delivered, although it weighed the correct amount, the king for some reason suspected that part of the gold had been stolen and the rest alloyed with silver.

He asked the scientist how he could detect if there had been any fraud, and the learned man, having remembered that when he entered his bath, if it was full, a quantity of water overflowed which must be equal to the bulk of his body, decided to apply the principle to the crown.

Obtaining a mass of gold equal to the weight delivered to the goldsmith he immersed this in a vessel full of water, and measured the overflow, and then immersing the crown in a similar vessel, measured the overflow from that. More water was displaced by the crown than by the block of gold, and the smith was detected of fraud, the silver being used with the gold having increased the bulk of the crown in proportion to its weight.

The scientist made many machines, including several engines of war, and once declared that if only he had a point to stand on he could move the world. He is said to have invented a screw which drove a ship through the water, the first screw propeller, and was the designer of the earliest heavy artillery, giant catapults which hurled masses of lead and stone.

When his native city was besieged by the Romans he enabled it to resist for a long time, and it is said that he burned the enemy's ships by concentrating on them the rays of the Sun, reflected from huge mirrors. But at last the Romans found an entrance, and the scientist, now 75 years old, was killed by a Roman soldier while he was engaged in solving a mathematical problem.

By his own request a sphere inscribed in a cylinder was engraved on his tomb, and by this design the tomb

was identified by Cicero nearly a century and a half later.

He was one of the world's greatest intellects, to be compared only with such a man as Newton. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

Edited by Arthur Mee

The C.N.'s wonderful picture companion is rapidly gaining in popularity. Have you seen it yet? Here are a few of this week's contents

The Happy Days of General Gordon
Telling of the magnificent work of a great soldier in his spare moments

A Picture Journey Across Russia
What is this great land of mystery really like? These pictures will show you

How the People Move About in Many Lands

A series of interesting pictures showing the strange methods of travel and transport in different parts of the world

The Peacock with the Glistening Tail
A splendid moving toy that can be easily made

The Nature Map of the British Isles
A unique picture map showing the chief events taking place in Nature's Realm

There are altogether more than 100 pictures and much interesting reading matter in this week's number

On Sale Everywhere. Price 2d.

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The Children's Newspaper

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The Turrets are Tipped With Evening Gold



D! MERRYMAN

"DEEP breathing, you understand," remarked the doctor, "destroys microbes."
"But, doctor," the patient asked, "how can I force them to breathe deeply?"

A Grievance

SQUEAKED a Bat to an Owl,
"Old scout,
You will echo my grumble, no doubt,
When I say Summer Time
Is an absolute crime—
It leaves far too much daylight about!"

WHY is a fig like a statue?
Because it is an F I G (effigy).

A Puzzle in Rhyme

AT first, when seen, I odd appear
In every person's eye;
But make me less, I'll prove quite clear
I'm even as a die.
Diminish me a little more,
You'll find you then expose
What brings the days of rich and poor
Completely to a close.

Solution next week

Is Your Name Cleaver?

CLEAVER is from the Old French clavier, meaning a mace-bearer, and no doubt the people with this surname had an ancestor who held the office of mace-bearer to some city or court dignitary.

WHY should the male sex avoid the letter A?
Because it makes men mean.

Quite Another Thing

AT a university examination a professor asked a candidate: "Does the question embarrass you?"
"Not at all, sir," replied the student: "not at all. It is quite clear. It is only the answer that bothers me!"

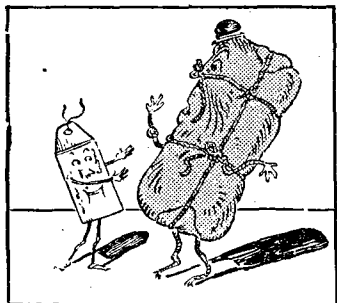


The Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

AUGUSTUS and young Marmaduke at crosswords tried their hand.
"The word that goes in there," said Marm, "is either earth or sand."
"How very stupid!" Gussy said. "It's nothing of the kind. If you can't see what goes in there, you must be nearly blind!"
Marmy seized the paper and, I'm very grieved to say, Gussy seized the other end and pulled the other way.
Many cross words followed, and in came Mr. Jones;
And when he learned the meaning of the angry words and tones, He took from out the corner a thing that rhymes with "brick,"
And Gus and Marmy quickly learned that this crossword was "stick."

WHAT is that which is inside the wood and outside the wood at the same time?
The bark of a tree: it is outside the wood of a tree, but inside the wood or forest.

Come-Alive Characters



The Guide

"OH, dear, I've no address! I'm lost!"
Brown-paper Parcel cried.
"I don't know where I have to go—Will someone be my guide?"
A Label laughed, "Oh, come, cheer up!
You've little cause for woe, Just tie me to your belt, and then You will know where to go."

No Need to Worry

"WHY on earth do you keep looking round at the coat-rack?" asked a city man who was dining in a restaurant with a friend from the country.
"I am keeping an eye on my overcoat," replied the man from the country.
"Ridiculous! You don't see me continually looking round there."
"Well, there's no need for you to do so; your coat went about ten minutes ago."

What Am I?

MY first is in handle, but not in blade,
My second's in mistress, but not in maid,
My third is in letter, but not in post,
My fourth is in pepper, but not in ghost,
My fifth is in inkstand, but not in pen,
My sixth is in chicken, and also in hen,
My seventh's in garden, but not in field,
My eighth is in handle, but not in wield,
My ninth is in atlas and also in map,
My tenth is in bonnet, but not in cap,
My eleventh's in schedule and also in deed,
My whole I shall offer to comrades in need.

Solution next week

A Natural Consequence

TWO travellers were discussing the careless way in which trunks and suitcases are handled by some railway companies.
"Once I thought I had found a way of preventing that," said one of them. "I labelled each of my bags: With Care—China."
"And did that have any effect?" asked the other.
"Well, not much," was the reply.
"You see, they shipped the whole lot off to Hong-Kong!"

WHY is a gaoler like a pianist?
Because he fingers the keys.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Riddle in Rhyme. Tomorrow

What Am I? Type

A Picture Puzzle

Constantinople. COat, toNS, TA-ble, teNT, pIN, mOP, turtlE

Jacko Climbs the Chimney

MRS. JACKO nearly cried with vexation when she went into the parlour one day and found the fire was smoking.

"It's too bad," she exclaimed. "A nice state the place will be in—just when I've finished the spring-cleaning, too!"

It wasn't at all a windy day, and Mrs. Jacko couldn't make out why the fire *should* smoke. She was trying to peep up the chimney when Jacko came bounding into the room.

"Coo! It's the birds," he said. "They're building a nest."

Mrs. Jacko was very angry. She said he ought to have told her about it before.

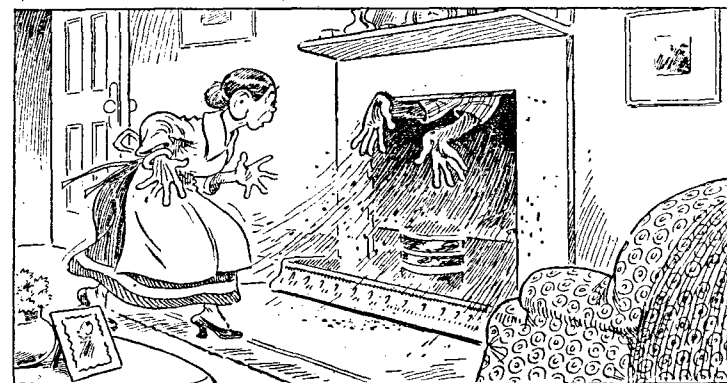
"I don't say that we shouldn't all be kind to the birds," she added, "but there's a place for everything, and I can't have the fire smoking. Just look at the mess everything is in!"

She told Jacko to fetch a long stick for, as she said, the kindest thing to do was to destroy the nest that was being built.

But just at that moment she remembered the dinner, and rushed into the kitchen to see if her saucepans were boiling over. And when she came back, some hours later, nothing was to be seen of Jacko but his legs!

He had poured some water on the fire, and gone up the chimney!

Mrs. Jacko was furious. "Come down at once, you wretched boy!" she shrieked. "You'll be black from head to toe, and just think of the soot you will bring down!"



Nothing was to be seen of Jacko but his legs!

And she rushed round the room and began covering up everything with sheets of newspaper!

But Jacko had no intention of coming down. It was great fun up the chimney, even though the bird's nest wasn't much to look at. And when he heard angry shouts down below, and knew Mrs. Jacko had called his father, he climbed out of the chimney on to the roof.

Of course, nobody could follow him up there, and for half an hour he had the time of his life. He found he could walk the whole length of the street along the roofs of the houses.

Then he suddenly realised that quite a crowd had collected in the street below—and down the chimney he slid again.

But when he landed on the hearthrug three old ladies rushed out of the room shrieking.

He had come down the wrong chimney into a strange house!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Great Bell Rings Again

The beautiful cathedral of St. Stephen, which towers 450 feet above the inner city of the Austrian capital, has a famous bell, called Pummerin, which can be heard for five miles around. Now, after a silence of over 40 years, Pummerin is to ring again.

Achamer, the greatest master of bell-casting, made Pummerin in 1711, from splendid bronze, and it was rung for the first time when the Emperor Charles the Sixth entered Vienna a year later for his coronation. It is ten feet high, and weighs 30 tons.

But on February 8, 1878, the people of Vienna rang their great bell for the last time for many years. The last of the Popes to exercise the temporal powers of a monarch was dead, and from that day to this the booming bell of St. Stephen's ceased to be heard.

Une Grande Cloche Sonne de Nouveau

La belle cathédrale de St. Étienne, qui, d'une hauteur de 450 pieds, domine la cité intérieure de la capitale autrichienne, possède une cloche célèbre nommée Pummerin, qu'on entend à cinq milles à la ronde. Actuellement, après un silence de plus de 40 ans, Pummerin doit sonner de nouveau.

C'est Achamer, le plus grand fondeur de cloches, qui coula Pummerin en 1711, du meilleur bronze, et elle fut sonnée pour la première fois lors de l'entrée à Vienne de l'Empereur Charles VI, un an après pour son couronnement. Elle a dix pieds de hauteur et pèse 30 tonnes.

Mais le 8 février 1878 le peuple de Vienne sonna sa grande cloche pour la dernière fois pendant bien des années. Le dernier des Papes doté du pouvoir temporel d'un monarque était mort, et depuis ce jour-là le bourdon de St. Étienne cessa de se faire entendre.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Pot of Gold

DICK said that if he could have a wish granted he would wish for a motor-car of his own, and drive it himself.

"And I would wish for a black horse named Flyaway," said Molly. "I'd ride away all by myself over the Downs, and have a lovely time."

"And I'd have a house as big as the King's!" cried Billy. "What would you wish for, Anne?"

Anne was the dreamy one of the family, and it took her quite a long time to think of the fairy-wish she would choose; but at last she said, "I would wish I could find a pot of gold."

Then Cousin Hilda, who was listening, said, "Well, I'm not everybody's fairy godmother, so I can't give Dick a motor-car, Molly a black horse, or Billy a house as big as the King's; but as I happen to be Anne's godmother I can grant her wish."

That made our dreamy one look up. It sounded so very exciting.

Billy thought it too exciting to be true, and said, in a scoffing way: "Cousin Hilda is only having a joke."

But Cousin Hilda took no notice of him.

"If Anne is very good for a whole week," she said, "and gets all her sums right, and doesn't have a single bad mark, and goes to bed when she's told, and learns how to mend that hole in her stocking, she can go into the garden at nine o'clock next Saturday morning, and search until she finds a pot of gold."

"Oh, Cousin Hilda—that's my birthday, and I will be



She searched in the garden

good!" cried Anne; and so she was—as good as gold.

She did her sums without a mistake, all the marks she gained at school were good ones, and she darned her stocking beautifully, and jumped up and went to bed as soon as the clock struck seven.

Then at nine o'clock on the next Saturday morning she ran into the garden and searched, and searched until what do you think she found? A pot of daffodils hidden under the hedge!

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

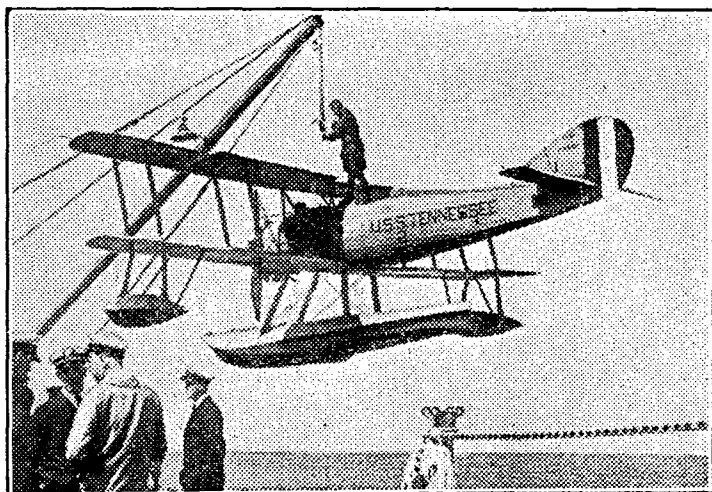
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 23, 1925

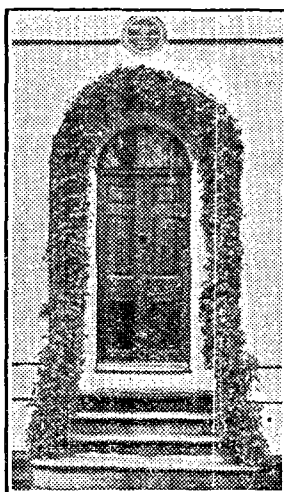
Every Thursday 2d.

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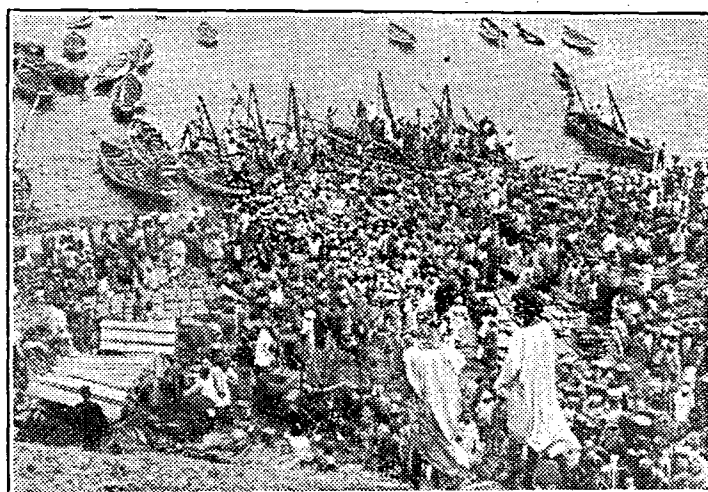
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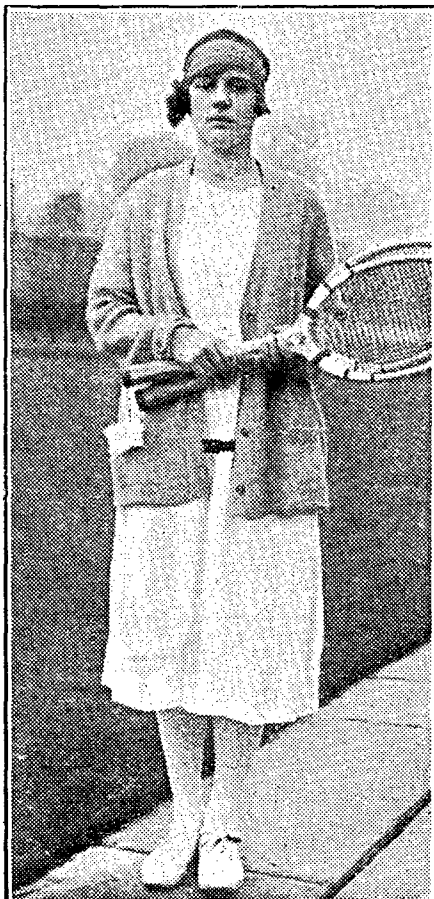
How the Seaplane Comes Home—Many large warships nowadays carry seaplanes, which are launched into the air by being catapulted from the decks, and we see here how a seaplane is hoisted back on to its ship.



Keats' Home—The entrance to Keats' beautiful Hampstead home, acquired for the nation.



Sierra Leone Goes to the Seaside—This photograph, showing some thousands of the people of Sierra Leone on the beach at Freetown, was taken when the Prince of Wales was arriving. Many people had come in from the country.



A Coming Tennis Champion—Miss Joan Fry, who is only eighteen years old, recently defeated Miss Kitty McKane, the Wimbledon champion, at the Croydon Lawn Tennis Tournament.



Scouters Learning Their Duties—Girl Scoutmasters, known as Scouters, are undergoing instruction in camp at Gilwell Park, Epping Forest, near London. Here an ex-naval officer is initiating them into the mysteries of lashing rope, as for a bridge support. The Scouters are excellent climbers, and form very apt pupils in these healthy exercises.



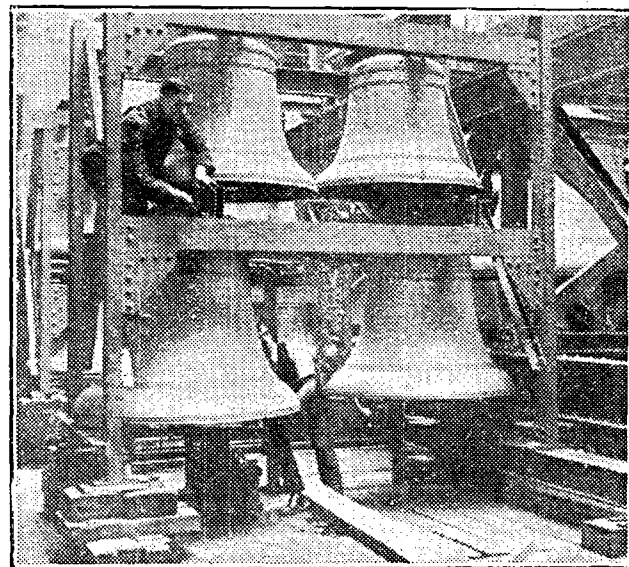
A Youthful International—Miss Betty Nuthall, the Surrey Junior Champion, who has been chosen to play for England in an international tennis match against Scotland. She is only 14.



An Old Lady from Whitechapel—Mrs. Waterhouse, who lives in Whitechapel, is here visiting the Royal Academy with members of her family to see her portrait, painted by Mr. Alfred E. Orr. Mr. Orr and his wife were on a Margate pleasure steamer last year when they saw Mrs. Waterhouse, who was also on the boat, and Mr. Orr asked permission to paint her. The portrait is shown in the next picture.



A Study in Character—Here is Mr. Orr's striking portrait of Mrs. Waterhouse. The artist thought it would make a fine Study of Character, and that is the title he gave to the picture. Copyright reserved for the Artist or owner by Walter Judd, Ltd., Publishers of the Royal Academy Illustrated.



Big Bells for New York—A great carillon of 53 bells, the largest weighing nine tons, has been cast at Croydon for a Baptist church in New York, and this picture shows four of the biggest bells being tested at the works near London. English cast bells are among the finest in the world, and when a large carillon is wanted for any country it is usually in England that they are made.

JOHN RENNIE AND HIS BRIDGES—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/L